

the March

MAR 3 '45

Leatherneck

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MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES





Highways WILL BE *Happy ways* AGAIN

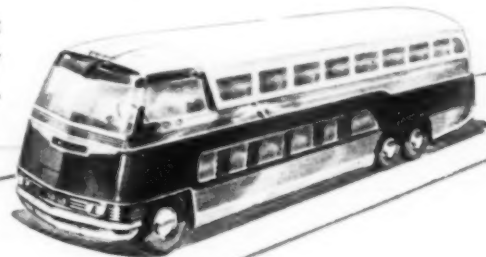
"Serve America Now . . . so you can See America Later!"

This has been Greyhound's message to the people of the United States ever since the day of Pearl Harbor. But when the day comes that Berlin is in the bag, and the Rising Sons of Hirohito are sunk for keeps—then highways will be happy ways again—and homecoming fighters will enjoy these fine highways as never before.

Travel today is sometimes crowded and uncomfortable—but you can count on Greyhound, in the good days to come, for scenic low-cost trips to every part of the land you fought for—in comfort scarcely dreamed of today.

Super-coaches of startling new design, like this one, are shaping up now for the pleasure of returning service men and women, and the travel-hungry millions at home.

GREYHOUND



Over the Editor's Shoulder

FOR a quarter of a century Marines at home and abroad have increased their educational knowledge through the facilities of the Marine Corps Institute, oldest continuously operated correspondence school maintained for and by service personnel. Now, its staff augmented by additional education experts who will teach a completely renovated and expanded curriculum, MCI is ready to provide much faster and more thorough service to overseas Marines.

In February, a detachment of MCI officers and enlisted instructors shoved off for Pearl Harbor, where a Pacific branch of the school has been established. Considerable saving in time in mailing lessons to and from students is expected to constitute an important advance in the work of the MCI.

Stateside, Marines will benefit considerably by the new schedule of courses offered and new methods of instruction developed by the institute after lengthy research. Today, Marines in the States can take without cost correspondence courses in nearly 100 different subjects, ranging from algebra to aviation engines; from plumbing to psychology. New courses are being added to the curriculum constantly, most notable of those now available being "The Pacific World." This is first of a series designed to offer background information on lands and peoples of the Pacific area. Another course of the series—"Human Geography of Japan" is now accepting enrollments and "Human Geography of Asia"—soon will be available to prospective students. Other new courses now offered include "Radio Speaking and Writing," "Fundamentals of Selling," "Thomas Natural Shorthand," and "Creative Writing."

New courses and the revised standard language and mathematical courses are based on the latest and most authoritative text books obtainable, supplemented by attractive and interesting additional study materials. MCI is going in extensively for visual teaching methods, and its "Pacific World" course, for example, uses such reference material as maps, republished articles from *Fortune Magazine* on Modern Japan, and a booklet of 70 of the best photographs of Marine action in the current war, from Pearl Harbor to Peleliu.

MCI was founded in 1920 by the late Brigadier General William C. Harllee, who issued text books to Quantico Marines desiring to continue studies while in the Corps. When a Mexican outbreak in May, 1920, caused a Marine unit to be sent to southern waters, its students continued their studies by mail. Since then, more than 1,200,000 lesson papers have been corrected by MCI instructors; some 13,000 Marines have earned MCI diplomas and many of them received necessary credits for graduation from their local high schools.

THE LEATHERNECK, MARCH, 1945 VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 3

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COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



SLICK CHICK TOP KICK!

Every GI was givin' the eye to Marge the Sarge... but I was her pick 'cause my kisses are slick... thanks to those velvety **COLGATE BRUSHLESS** shaves. It's one no-brush shave cream that really tames tough beards so they come off smooth.

Sadpan from Saipan

I used to sound like a one-man Banzai charge when I shaved, it hurt so much. Then I learned about **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**... the no-brush cream that wilts wiry whiskers and stays moist so they stay wilted an' easy to shave.

GET



IN TUBE OR JAR

at your P. X. or SHIP'S SERVICE STORE



BLAST before the Mast

I'd have done a jig in the brig for sure... but when I told the scrambled eggs how he could shave his tender, sunburned skin in quick comfort with **COLGATE BRUSHLESS**, I got a pass instead of a gig.

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**FASTER ACTION
IN ALL LIGHTERS**
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RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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Dr. Pepper—the Liquid Bite to Eat—also brings an Energy Lift that quickly overcomes fatigue. It's the ideal "between-meal" snack. Try it at 10, 2 and 4—or anytime you're Hungry, Thirsty or Tired... Just ask for a "Cold Doc!"



NOTE TO QUARTERMASTERS, S.S. OFFICERS: Dr. Pepper Company Home Offices are at 429 Second Avenue, P. O. Box 5086, Dallas 2, Texas.



SOUND OFF!

DEFENDS WR

Sirs:

In answer to the item in the December issue of *THE LEATHERNECK* by PFC L. E. Kessler in the Pacific, I should like to "sound off" too.

I joined the Marine Corps Women's Reserve on 24 March, 1943, and had I not thought it the best outfit I never would have joined. The fellows tell us, "no one twisted your arm to join"—they are quite correct in their statement because it is purely voluntary. Many of us gave up good homes, steady jobs, good times and all else we hold dear just as most of the male Marines did. However, we don't want praise or anything kin to that, we just want the respect and courtesy that would be extended us were we in civilian clothes leading the normal life we all hope to return to some day in the not too distant future.

We respect the Corps and all it stands for; we've upheld its standards and traditions and if anyone's going to "let down" this wonderful outfit of ours (and I have plenty of doubt about that) it won't be the Women's Reserve, you can be sure. So have no fear you men overseas (or in the States). We'll not let the Corps down nor will we let you down. Why not reciprocate? Corp. Jane M. Melberg, Camp LeJeune, N. C.

ONCE A MARINE

Sirs:

My nephew started sending me your magazine when he was stationed at Parris Island last year. I have since renewed my subscription and I find the book very interesting, particularly as I was once a Marine. The purpose of my writing is to tell you of a most interesting coincidence. My grandfather, J. Herbert Riley, was a member of Heckman's Red Star Brigade, 2nd Division, in the Civil War. I was a member of the 5th Marines, 2nd Division, in the last war, and my nephew, Lt. Walter Scott Donahue, is a member of the 2nd Marine Division now. . . . I think that the Marine Corps should have an organization in every fairly large city in America run by the Marine Corps and not by any civilian organization, where Marines can go to meet old acquaintances. I would be willing to contribute to the upkeep of such a plan. . . . Keep up the good work.

George H. Riley, Milton, Mass.

TURN PAGE



Q: What cigar is America's most popular?

A: KING EDWARD

Q: What mild, mellow cigar gives you 40 full minutes of smoking pleasure?

A: KING EDWARD

Q: What cigar is smoked regularly by thousands of service men?

A: KING EDWARD

Q: What cigar is priced to fit the service man's pocketbook?

A: KING EDWARD

You'll find that
KING EDWARD

meets all of your requirements for a good cigar. So next time you want 40 full minutes of smoke satisfaction, try KING EDWARD.

You'll enjoy all of the richness and aroma that comes from fine tobaccos used in this great cigar.



KING EDWARD
Cigars



*"It's the little things
you look forward to!"*

What a kick you'll get
seeing the kid brother win the
220 . . . saying hello to your old
Latin teacher!

And won't it feel swell to wear
a comfortable tweed suit again
. . . and a pair of those grand
Douglas "Cromwells", tops for
comfort and *lasting* good looks!



\$6.50 to \$8.50

Other styles \$5.50
Denver West Slightly
Higher

W.L.
Douglas
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Shoes
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Stores in Principal Cities
Good Dealers everywhere
INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY BONDS

LONGEVITY PAY

Sirs:

In the October 15 edition of
THE LEATHERNECK
Pacific Edition in the Sound Off
column, H.M.K. raised the
question of the status of a man
who is being held for the con-
venience of the government.
Your answer states that a man
who chooses to be held for the
duration plus six months loses
his seniority and does not draw
longevity pay.

Article 25-122(1), Marine
Corps Manual Change No. 3,
states that every enlisted man
shall receive an increase of five
per centum of the base pay of
his grade for each three years'
service up to 30 years. . . I would
appreciate any information you
may be able to give me on
these points.

1stSgt. Robert R. Jacobus
Pacific

• *Our error. Thanks to
you and other alert
readers for calling it to
our attention.—Eds.*

SERIAL NUMBERS

Sirs:

We have been having quite a
discussion about the subject of
the system the Corps uses in de-
termining serial numbers for en-
listed personnel. We would like
to know when the Corps started
using the serial number and if
it in any way determines the
number of men in the Corps.
Does a discharged man hold
his number in Washington or is
it filled in by someone else?
What system is used by the sepa-
rate districts in making up the
quotas and what bearing on the
numbers has this . . . ?

SSgt. O. E. Wise, Jr.

Pacific

• *Serial numbers do not
reflect the number of
men in the Corps. A
man who enlists and re-
ceives a number keeps
it. If he leaves the Corps
and re-enlists after a
period of years, he gets
his old number back. As
far as we know, the first
number—one—was giv-
en to the first man who
enlisted in 1775. No two
men are ever given the
same number. Each re-
cruiting district is now
assigned a "block" of
numbers in tagging new
recruits, and when that
block is used up, a new
one is assigned from
Headquarters.—Eds.*

TURN PAGE



"No, no, me hunting real head"



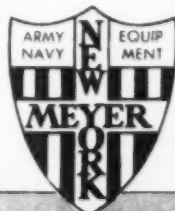
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Package**



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NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

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3/Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



4/Want a shave that allows no Stinging, no Biting, no RAZOR BURN—even with Tender Skin? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

Only PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS Guarantees* You 4-Way Shaving Comfort!



*Yes, only Palmolive Brushless guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort! That's because this easy-to-spread, greaseless cream wilts whiskers fast—makes tough beards easy to cut even with cold or hard water. And



at the same time, Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin—cushions your face against your razor. You shave without scratching,

scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



SOUND OFF (cont.)

SHORTEST MARINE

Sirs:

We Marines stationed in Panama wish to stake our claim on having the shortest Marine in the Corps. He is Pvt. Frank Ambrogio, 33, from New Haven, Conn. Frank is exactly five feet tall. If there is any record of a shorter Marine please let this fact be known as it will settle a dispute which has arisen. We have chosen THE LEATHERNECK as the only medium of settling our claim and we hope for your help in an early issue.

Pvts. William Beecroft and Thomas G. Johnson.
Panama, C. Z.

• Sorry we couldn't print Frank's picture. From now on, SOUND OFF will not carry photographs. Anybody out here shorter than Ambrogio? — Eds.

MARINE FLAG

Sirs:

In the May, 1944, issue of THE LEATHERNECK I noticed a letter from Dexter R. Carveth inquiring where a Mothers of Marines flag may be purchased. I thought you might be interested to know that the Vermont Chapter No. 1, Mothers of Marines, Burlington, Vt., have a beautiful flag which was made at the Anin Flag Company, 85 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. These flags are made to order and consist of the flag, a rain cover and belt to be used in a parade.

Mrs. L. F. Killick,
Vice-President,
Vermont Chapter No. 1,
Mother of Marines
Burlington, Vt.

TENT CITY TROUBLES

Sirs:

I was reading THE LEATHERNECK last month and saw an article about the Paymaster Dept. I think it was swell of them to go into combat areas and pay the men. Well, if they can do that, why can't they come here to Tent City and pay us? We haven't been paid in two months. . . . We don't expect them to go from tent to tent to pay us, but we do think they could go from Bn. to Bn.

PFC F. B. Shelor.
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

ONLY ONE?

Sirs:

Now is your chance to settle a little bet. We have a chum in our outfit who claims there is no one in the US armed forces who has the same name as his. How about having all the GIs let you know that he is mistaken. Rekow is the name of the man in question.

PFCs Leo J. Carrigan and M. Dubiek and Corp. Dave Richardson.
Pacific

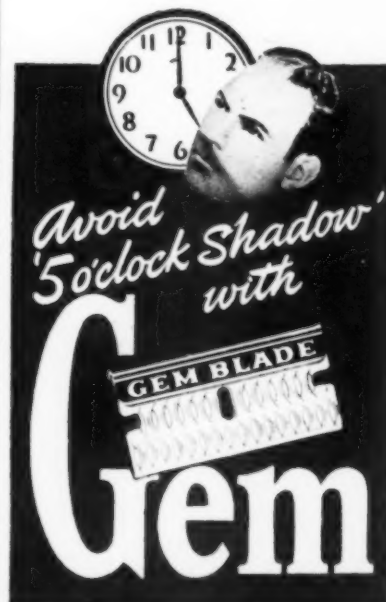


"Don't rank mean anything around here?"



"You have no idea what a thrill this is, darling, now that you haven't any '5 o'clock Shadow'."

Shave every morning with a genuine Gem Blade. That way you're always ready for your big moments—always sure you've no "5 o'clock Shadow." Enjoy Gem's super-keen edge; its super-comfort; its long life.



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A SHINE!



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QUICK



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Griffin
POLISH DOES
THE
TRICK!



For over 50 years Griffin has been the favorite shoe polish of all the services.

Griffin
ABC
WAX
SHOE POLISH

Griffin

THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH

USO GUMBEAT

Sirs:

In the December 15 edition of THE LEATHERNECK, Pacific Edition, reference was made to the fact that no letters of criticism have reached you concerning said magazine.

We, the undersigned, cannot understand why some eightball would subject his babe, girl, or sweetheart's picture under the heading "The sweetest girl in the world," when naturally everyone has the same opinion about his one and only. About the article concerning female USO entertainers (morale builders) in the Pacific troupes, we believe they do more harm than good to enlisted men's morale. These so-called entertainers give about a half-hour of their time to the entertainment of enlisted personnel and then devote the remainder of the 24-hour day to the sole entertainment of the officers.

This is our beef and we expect to see it printed in our magazine.

PFC James A. Salway.

Also signed by PFCs James S. Smith, Edward J. Shelton, James K. Thompson, William R. Turner, Paul P. Lukpetris, Johnnie Wilhelm, Jr., Frank A. Dieterman and Corp. Erwin E. Rowberry.

• Sound Off discontinues pictures with this issue. Never having seen these girls who entertain 24 hours a day and never eat, sleep or travel, we'll have to wait for comments from others.

—Eds.

CAPTIV-ATED

Sirs:

I have a little anecdote you may be able to use... happened to a buddy of mine, PFC Raymond Craig, when he was in this outfit last winter.

You know how fouled-up a lot of people are about our service winter uniforms—used to a mental image of dress blue Marines on the firing line, etc. I myself have been taken at various times for a member of the Czech Air Force, a Forest Ranger, and God knows what else, but this experience of Craig's is the real apoplexy producer.

He was standing in a Boston railroad station when one of those grim old battleships bore down on him and queried, in a soft DI voice, "Young man, are you one of those German prisoners I've heard about?"

After Craig braced himself and as the urge to kill died out of his eyes, he rallied gamely, said, "Ja wohl, mein Frau," clicked his heels and shoved off.

PFC John H. Napier, III
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

TURN PAGE



"Stand back, darling — so's I can get one last look at you"

ADVERTISEMENT



"The best part of living around here is that your Pepsi-Cola is always nice and cold!"

For Men Who
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\$1.50
Selected Briar

Royalton CROWN

Cool, dry smoking is half the pleasure of a pipe. Royalton Crown redoubles your satisfaction because its patented, features 'wring' the smoke dry as it passes from bowl to mouthpiece. Every puff is dependably free from strong juices and tobacco shreds. Result: an everlastingly dry pipe in a class by itself for complete smoking contentment.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. • OZONE PARK, NEW YORK

Marching Ahead

of all others ★ ★ ★

with a captivating
pin-up smile!

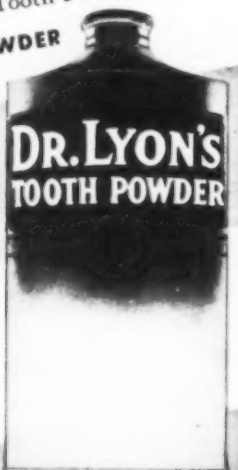


You can start *right now*, to brighten your smile the Dr. Lyon's way—the *proved* way to clean your teeth. And remember, *nothing* you can get cleans teeth more *quickly*, more *thoroughly*.

Listen to Patricia Boyd—one of America's loveliest, most successful models: "I'd like to pin a medal on Dr. Lyon's—it brings out the true lustre and natural brilliance of my teeth—keeps my smile sparkling bright for the camera!" Let your teeth be revealed in all the gleaming lustre nature intended them to show—then let your smile flash this message—"It certainly pays to use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder!"

ASK ANY DENTIST ABOUT POWDER

DR. LYON'S



America's No. 1 Tooth Powder

SOUND OFF (cont.)

RUNYAN RIGHT

Sirs:
Please tell me, kind sirs, can it be possible that the rugged looking Marine pictured as Santa on the cover of the December issue is nine triple deuce oh nine, — one football coach, math instructor, quarterback on his alma mater's team — previously of Lakewood, Ohio — Robert L. Runyan?

Edna L. Marquardt,
Executive Secretary,
South Pasadena ARC
South Pasadena, Cal.

• **LEATHERNECK'S**
Santa was Corp. Robert
L. Runyan.—Eds.

GI BILL QUERY

Sirs:
In regards to the GI Bill of Rights. . . . If I return to civilian life and enter the same business I was in before the war, I will have to buy all my machinery and equipment. The Marine Corps, navy and army have a large part of the equipment on hand and I understand they have already begun to sell some to dealers. . . .

Will I be able to walk into the lots where this equipment is stored, show my honorable discharge, pay a reasonable price and take the equipment away, or will I have to go down town and buy against big business competition, and from dealers who are making a large profit?

Corp. Segil G. Silcox
Pacific

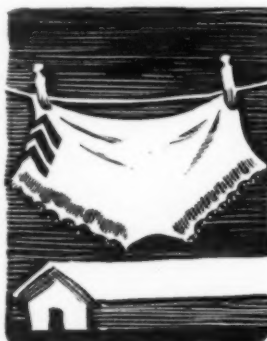
• **The Surplus Property Act of 1944 makes provision for priorities for vets in buying surplus property after the war. The Surplus Property Board, Washington, D. C. suggests you write them with your complete questions, and they'll answer as much in detail as possible.** — Eds

NO STRIPE

Sirs:
In one of your back editions someone popped off that a PFC can wear the red stripe on our dress blues. Is this true? I say that NCOs only are entitled to have it on their blues. Who is right? . . .

PFC John W. Hill.
San Francisco, Calif.

• **You are. Headquarters says that shortly after the Mexican War, the red stripe was adopted for officers and non-commissioned officers, and that regulation was never changed.** — Eds.



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And it's a name that millions of sports lovers say with respect. That's because wherever modern sports are played today "Wilson" stands for the newest and best in modern sports equipment for our modern sports and games. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.



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MEMBER—The Athletic Institute, a non-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of national physical fitness.

IT'S Wilson TODAY
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Let's all boost the "War Memorials That Live" campaign to commemorate our war heroes.

Servicemen demand Spiffy COLLAR STAYS



HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN

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The Stay with the Self-Adjusting Spring

EASY ON EASY OFF

Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing **SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS**.

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to your loved ones this Easter, and they'll be glad to wear this fine authentic Marine Corps emblematic jewelry for you. Here is the popular matched gift set, shown half actual size, featuring

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Lavaliere.....	\$6.00
Bracelet.....	\$6.00
Earrings.....	\$7.50

MAN'S RING
Sterling silver—large, massive looking, in solid 10k Gold..... \$16.50
Sterling Silver..... \$ 7.50

LADY'S RING
Delicately fashioned—really a sweetheart ring. In solid 10K gold \$11.00
In solid sterling silver..... \$ 7.00

MARINE INSIGNIA PIN
This lovely gold Marine insignia Pin—for dresses or suit lapels—dainty and attractive. In solid gold..... \$5.50
In gold filled..... \$2.75
Prices shown include 20% Federal Tax. See this attractive jewelry at your Post Exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Manufacturing Jewelers
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DESCRIBES CAMPAIGN

Sirs:
I have read many articles about the operations on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, and I regret to say I was indeed surprised at what I read. Such articles as: Marines followed the 81st Army Division across the airport, and also another was Army 81st Division relieves fatigued Marines from front lines after 48 hours of steady fighting. This is all untrue. I was with the — Bn., — Marines, when Peleliu was hit Sept. 15, 1944. I went in with my team which landed on Beach White.

The first three waves on our beach got in without too much trouble and then the Japs played hell with the fourth, fifth and sixth. I was in the fifth wave and don't mind telling you I was scared as hell. As the October Times says, the Marines had 60 per cent casualties in the first three days. It was the job of the — Bn., — Marines to cross half of the airfield; companies — and —. One company covered the right flank, another covered the left flank, and the third charged across.

There weren't many men left when they gained the other side, but you see it was — Co., — Bn., — Marines who crossed the north half of the airfield, not the 81st Army Division followed by the Marines. The fact of the matter was that the only army personnel who were on Peleliu previous to D plus 10 were the duck drivers who brought some of us ashore. The Marines were on the front lines for five days and nights at a time and then their own reserve companies took over while they went back a few hundred yards for one or two days at the most, then back to the front again. That doesn't sound like the army relieved the Marines after 48 hours on the front lines. PFC Robert E. Greysiak. Pacific

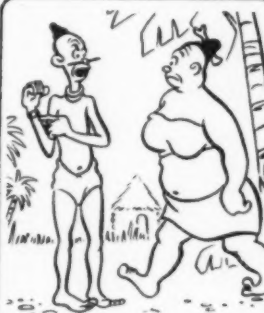
• PFC Greysiak's letter gave the name and number of units we are forced to omit. — Eds.

PIX FOR PALS

Sirs:
I have lost contact with some of the men from my old outfit and I have a set of pictures that were taken overseas that they all wanted. A lot of the fellows in the snapshots are dead now and I thought the rest of the boys might like the pictures for remembrance. If anyone knows any of the following officers or men, please notify them about this:

Sgt. Jack Healy, Lt. Jackson, Doctor Willets, Doctor Elmore, Maj. Kennedy, Lt. Fuick, GySgt Ponton, WO MacAlexander, and Capt. Retinger. My address is Madison Park Apts., Apt. 106, 100 Ninth St., Oakland, Cal. PFC Alfred O. Lanza. Oakland, Cal.

TURN PAGE



"Yer an hour late — it's 1630"



**A guy name of Munger—
was strictly from hunger
As far as the dames were concerned**



**'Til he found that he'd rather
use quick ACTIVE lather
And look how the tables have turned!**



LUX Toilet Soap

Sure, LUX SOAP'S creamy lather feels swell on the hide—but that ain't all! It's **ACTIVE**—slicks a guy up—does things for his date-rating! At your PX.

FREE for a carton from
MENNEN Shave Cream

6 GORGEOUS GLAMOR GIRLS

to PIN UP by your bunk



Rich Art Gravure
Each 7 by 8 inches!

**GRAB THIS CHANCE, BOYS... YOU'LL
BE DOING YOURSELF A DOUBLE FAVOR!**

• These six swell art subjects—regular lallapaloosa lovelies—are printed in rich art gravure. They're 7 by 8 inches—just the right "pin-up" size. Wait till your gang sees them.

We offer to cheer you up with this "G. I. art gallery" solely to get you to try Mennen Shave Cream. We believe you're fair. We know that Mennen will

give you a cooler, cleaner, more comfortable shave. And rather than go into a lot of fancy words we say "try it". One smooth cool shave will make you our customer for life. You can't lose. For in any case, you get the "pin-ups". **HURRY**—supply limited! So get Mennen and send before the pin-ups are gone. Mail coupon today!

SEND NO MONEY

The Mennen Co., Dept. 51B, P. O. Box 33,
Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush me the 6 gorgeous pin-ups. I enclose a carton from Mennen Shave Cream. (Take Your Pick of Any Mennen Shave Cream.)

NAME
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS

Offer Expires Jan. 30, 1945 — or sooner if limited supply is gone.



SOUND OFF (cont.)

SEEKS BUDDIES

Sirs:
I have been wondering what became of my old platoon in boot camp. I would appreciate it very much if you would aid me in contacting some of them. The platoon was No. 174, 12th Rec. Bn. Anyone in that platoon please drop a line.

PFC Clifford R. Fuller.

Pacific

• Letters addressed to
**PFC Fuller c/o SOUND
OFF** will be forwarded to
him. — Eds.

BUNDOC-BOONDOCK

Sirs:
One day while looking up a word in Webster's International Dictionary I stumbled across the word "bundocks" and this is what was there.

"Bundoc (bōon.dōk), n, also bon doc (Tag.) A mountain; also, bundocks, pl. (pron. būn-dūks), the hills and woods in general; the wilds. Colloq. Phil. I." From the interpretation of those markings one gathers that it is a foreign word, a colloquial expression in the Philippine Islands. Perhaps the Marines with Admiral Dewey's fleet in '98 first included it in the Marine Corps' vocabulary.

Lt. Harry O. Wright, Jr.
Arlington, Va.

EUROPEAN PATCH?

Sirs:
Could you kindly tell me if any shoulder patch has been authorized for Marines who have served in the European Theatre of war? For instance, men who served with the American Embassy in London, or men in Northern Ireland during the present conflict. If there is none, has one been proposed? I'd like to know, as I was with the Legation Guard in London.

Corp. E. J. Dalton.
Cherry Point, N. C.

• No patch has been authorized for this duty. Only FMF units have that authorization. We know of no proposals for any at this time.—Eds.

ANOTHER FOR NAVY

Sirs:
In your December issue Major Vaughn has the credit for being the first Allied flier to land on Jap-mandated territory. I was present D-day on that coral strip and the first plane to land there was a B-24 which made a forced landing. The runway was not yet half finished. I do not know the name of the pilot or anyone in the crew, but the name of the plane was Sugar.

PFC Bert Jones.

Pacific



"Is Miss Beulah home?"



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CHAP STICK ten to one... From
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Africa (140° above), it's the favorite
comforter for chapped, cracked
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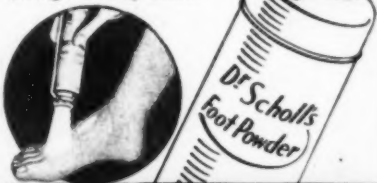
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**SEE
BOOKSHOP
PAGE 79**

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If you fail to get a copy write to us giving your new and old addresses.

THE LEATHERNECK

NAVY FIRST.

Sirs:
I have just been reading your Pacific edition of December 15, and as much as I dislike taking credit from a Marine, I also believe in giving credit where it is due. On page 31 there is a story of Major Vaughn being the first Allied flier to land a plane on Jap-mandated territory. The distinction really goes to a Navy flier, as much as I hate to admit it, who landed a four-engine bomber on Roi Island on February 9 about 1800. . . .

I happened to have taken part in the Roi Island invasion and remained there until wounded in a bombing attack on the morning of February 12, and I know there were no night fighters there at that time. I am a Marine and proud of it, and I feel that the Marine air force is the best on earth, but let's give credit where credit is due, and if there is any history to be made, let's have it correct. I think your new Pacific edition of THE LEATHERNECK is tops and I remain yours until you make another mistake.

PFC Robert E. Deck.
Pacific

IDEA AGENCY

Sirs:
There are probably thousands of ideas concerning equipment, administration, tactics, etc., that are lying dormant in the minds of Marines wherever they may be stationed. An agency to receive and encourage them can be offered by THE LEATHERNECK and should result in many good ideas that would be of inestimable value to the Corps.

This is not a plan to bypass the regular channels of command, but, instead a system to provide a convenient, speedy outlet for ideas of alert Marines. THE LEATHERNECK could weed out the poor ones, submit the better ones to the proper official authorities.

A campaign along these lines should uncover many valuable ideas that otherwise might never reach the authorities qualified to judge their merit and value to the Marine Corps.

TSgt. Jerome Gordon.

Pacific

• Any more think this a good idea?—Eds.



"Bread and butter"



You bet, Swan does four big jobs:

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2. **It's perfect for hands and face**—Try fast-latherin' Swan to get cleaned up and slicked up for that 24-hour pass.
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SWAN
FLOATING SOAP

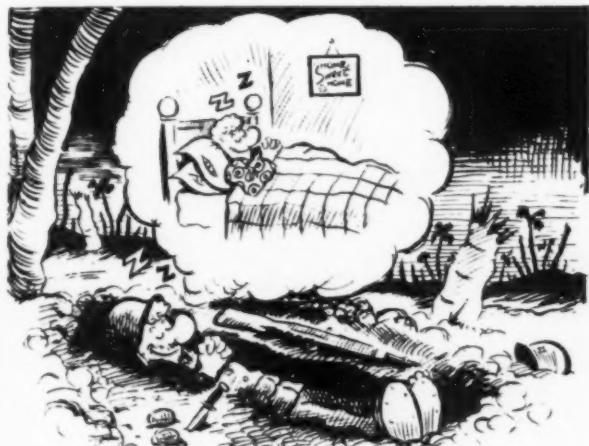
Tune in to **GEORGE BURNS
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CBS Monday Nights



DONOVAN'S DOPE...

A popular Marine cartoonist depicts some more of his impressions of life in the field





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Light an Old Gold!

Apple "Honey" helps guard O. Gs.
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You're never let down—by Old Gold's extra pleasure and its special protection from cigarette dryness! . . .

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WAR BONDS

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WHICH IS WHICH?
Wednesday Evenings CBS -
THE COMEDY THEATRE
Sunday Evenings NBC

The Straight Dope



A noted artist says of Betty Hutton: "She really has a picture face." Could be — but what we like about Betty is her frame.

A New York cop looked in a store window, saw four dummies — three without clothes, one dressed. He looked closer and arrested the dressed one as a live burglar. Well, there's no sense pinching a nude dummy, is there?

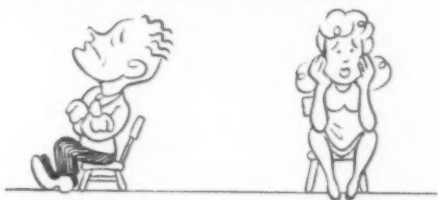
Jap spokesman says the people are "burning with resentment" over the B-29 bombings. That ain't all that's burning.

Theater Double-Bill Sign Dept.: (Hollywood)
 "LADY TAKES A CHANCE"
 "NEATH BROOKLYN BRIDGE"
 — Bound to be risky.

"(The actress)," says a movie columnist, "has nothing on the tapis until mid-January." All we can say is the actress sure as hell better get something on it before mid-January.

From the Los Angeles Daily News: "The tables were covered with oilcloth, dirty dishes, spilled food, while under the table were dirty water and mud, rags, papers, cigaret in J. A. KIRKPATRICK food and a batch of flies." Now how in the devil did J. A. Kirkpatrick get in there?

Man in Cheltenham, England, makes his living by mending egg shells. What a fortune he could make repairing the shells of all the eggs radio comics lay.



John Wayne's wife divorced him because she complained he refused to talk to her. Perhaps John was lost without his script writers.

Dogface in France wrote his folks in Cave-In-Rock, Illinois, he'd found a guinea pig over there that whistled when he was hungry. In most places they call 'em wolves.

A barge sank in the Hudson River off Jersey City, and scores of cattle were drowned. With beef so scarce, rescuers dove into the river armed with inhalators — and frying pans.

Hollywood blah blah writer: "Martha Raye can be found at the Arthur Murray dance studio three times a week giving rhumba lessons to servicemen." That's really going all-out for the war effort.

Cigaret black markets bloomed all over the country. This is the dangest nation — if it isn't bootleggers, it's buttleggers.

"John Mack Brown relaxed over the weekend following his recent bond tour through Texas, during which he traveled over 2000 miles via bus." No GI pack, though.

"People have thought," says one expert, "and have said from time to time, that Hitler must be schizophrenic." We've heard them say even worse things than that, Doctor.

DHM

Your Lifebuoy Pin-Up for March



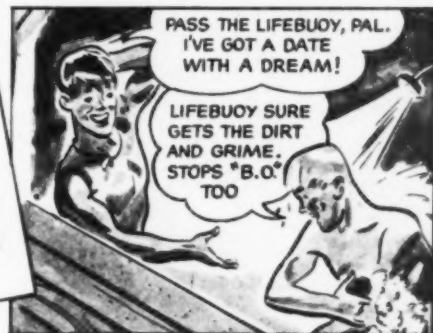
KAY MONROE says she reads a lot — mostly fiction. Does water-color sketching, too. Is fond of dancing and travel. Vital statistics: Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 110 lbs.

**OUR SOAP IS
 FIRST WITH
 KAY, TOO!**



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It's goodbye dirt... sweat... grime with Lifebuoy on the job! And Lifebuoy lather, with its special purifying ingredient, stops "B.O." too! Use Lifebuoy daily to help keep you welcome everywhere. It's the favorite soap of service men!



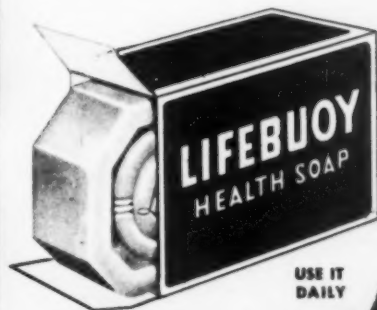
PASS THE LIFEBUOY, PAL. I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A DREAM!

LIFEBUOY SURE GETS THE DIRT AND GRIME. STOPS "B.O." TOO



I COULD GO FOR YOU

JIM'S DOING ALL RIGHT BY HIMSELF SINCE HE SWITCHED TO LIFEBUOY



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EARN \$9000
A YEAR?*



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HOW'S YOUR IQ

Are you a genius? Take this test and in about 15 minutes you'll know for sure. Score four points for each correct answer. Sixty is okay, 70 is fine, 80 is terrific and 90 or better, you're a genius, so go tell your First Sergeant about it at once and see if he cares. If he doesn't care, remember he's a genius, too — else how did he ever get to be first Sergeant? See page 54 for answers.

1. The most frequent physical cause for rejection of men by the Army is (a) teeth; (b) flat feet; (c) stomach; (d) two heads.
2. The word "bolshhevik" in Russian means (a) member of the majority; (b) radical; (c) bearded; (d) nuts about vodka.
3. The oldest town in the US is (a) Plymouth, Mass.; (b) Jamestown, Va.; (c) St. Augustine, Fla.; (d) Tent City, N. C.
4. An apiary is a place where people keep (a) apes; (b) birds; (c) bees; (d) unhappy Boots.
5. The forty-eighth state to be admitted to the Union was (a) Arizona; (b) New Mexico; (c) Utah; (d) Brooklyn.
6. The first person to reach the South Pole was (a) Admiral Richard E. Byrd; (b) Raold Amundsen; (c) Martin Johnson; (d) Eleanor Roosevelt.
7. A second lieutenant in the Army corresponds, in the Navy, to (a) a Lieut. J.G.; (b) a Lieut. S.G.; (c) an Ensign; (d) a PFC in the Marine Corps.
8. "Tempus fugit" means (a) always faithful; (b) time flies; (c) never again; (d) down the spuds.
9. A "peso" is (a) Spanish peasant; (b) piece of Mexican money; (c) a Cuban dance; (d) a good five-cent cigar.
10. "Bullion" is (a) silver and gold; (b) type of soup; (c) a thousand million; (d) a small onion.
11. The greatest known ocean depth (35,410 feet) is off (a) Iceland; (b) the Hawaiian Islands; (c) the Philippines; (d) Sandy Hook.
12. "Snuff" is (a) pulverized tobacco; (b) powder made from flower seeds; (c) star dust; (d) Barney Google's sidekick.
13. If you call somebody a "Jonah" you are saying that he is (a) a buddy; (b) a jinx; (c) a jerk; (d) a guy with a Boston accent.
14. The opposite of "occidental" is (a) European; (b) Oriental; (c) accidental; (d) upsidental.
15. The "diamond anniversary" is (a) fiftieth wedding anniversary; (b) twenty-fifth; (c) seventy-fifth; (d) Babe Ruth's birthday.
16. A "toll line" is (a) a football formation; (b) a long distance telephone line; (c) a fishline for trolling; (d) a Marine Corps work detail.
17. A native of Tangiers is (a) a Tangerine; (b) a Tangerian; (c) a Tangeman; (d) a Tangent.
18. "Romany" is the language of (a) Gypsies; (b) Romans; (c) Rumanians; (d) the US Coast Guard.
19. The largest country in the world is (a) China; (b) Great Britain; (c) Russia; (d) Utopia.
20. Gypsies belong to the (a) brown race; (b) white race; (c) yellow race; (d) fourth race at Pimlico.
21. The words of the Nazi Storm Troopers' song, "Horst Wessel Lied" was written by (a) Goering; (b) Goebbels; (c) Horst Wessel; (d) Cole Porter.
22. The United States originally purchased Alaska from (a) Russia; (b) England; (c) Japan; (d) the A&P.
23. A familiar female domestic creature which cannot give birth is (a) the canary; (b) the mule; (c) the goldfish; (d) the roach.
24. The famous historical event which is traditionally claimed to have been caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow was (a) the Johnstown flood; (b) the San Francisco earthquake; (c) the great Chicago fire; (d) the invention of evaporated milk.



Sometimes they didn't need glasses for the Nips were close enough to smell them

Advance Man

(Editor's Note: This article was written in November, 1943. For security reasons its publication has been withheld until this time.)

WHEN the full history of the Marine Corps' adventures in the Southwest Pacific is written, one of the more tingling chapters will concern Capt. Clay Allen Boyd's two pre-invasion reconnaissance expeditions in 1943 to New Georgia and Rendova.

The story in all its complete and flamboyant detail cannot be related until after the war. But we may tell, with certain omissions, how Capt. Boyd and four comrades scouted out the enemy-occupied islands for four weeks in February and March, 1943, often prowling the banyan forests and bush under the noses of Nipponese garrisons.

Even more impudently, Capt. Boyd and five other Marines returned to New Georgia in June, a few weeks before the American invasion, and gained additional information about the strength and distribution of the Emperor's troops and about the topography of the island. And this time, when "D Day" arrived, the Marine scouts signalled an approaching US invasion fleet that the landing would be unopposed. They placed flashlights on jutting points of land for the ships to bear on in the early-morning darkness and they marked the beach with lights. They welcomed the first wave of Marines and soldiers ashore. These newcomers were almost dumbfounded when they discovered that Boyd's boys had hacked paths through the bush for about five miles, to within 1500 yards of the Japanese outpost!

Boyd's party was on the beach, like so many

traffic officers, directing the Marines and soldiers toward the "highways" which they'd built through the banyan forest right up to the Japs' doorstep. All of this work had been done, mind you, with a battalion of the Emperor's soldiers in the immediate neighborhood.

Clay Allen Boyd has a proper background for a Marine. He's a native Texan, though he hails now from Santa Fe, N. M. He is 29 years old, has a red mustache and is built the way you'd expect for a man who majored in football at the University of Tennessee. Before Tennessee, he was graduated from the New Mexico Military Institute, where he studied military science, boxing, polo and, of course, football.

Capt. Boyd's father, Egbert B. Boyd, was a Marine in the last war. Mr. Boyd, a rugged East Texan, was boxing and bayonet instructor in 1917 at Mare Island, San Francisco. He got tired of this sort of duty. To get to France and the front, he joined a Marine searchlight crew.

When we entered the current war, the senior Boyd went to a Marine recruiting office and tried to enlist. He was turned down because of his age. Recently, though, he sold his wholesale grocery business at Santa Fe and became a first sergeant in the Ex-Marines Guard which protects war plants in the Los Angeles area.

Except for an 11-month break as a civilian, Capt. Boyd has been in the Marine Corps since September, 1936. First he put in a complete cruise as an enlisted man. He served aboard the battleship *Pennsylvania*, and his platoon leader was the late Major Ken Bailey, then a second lieutenant.

TURN PAGE

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

Boyd made two expeditions to New Georgia to prepare the way for the invasion

In 1941, Boyd applied for and received a second lieutenant's commission in the Corps. At the start, he was an instructor in the Officer Candidates School at Quantico. When Colonel Merritt A. Edson formed his Raider Battalion on the East coast early in 1942, one of his key men was Major Bailey. On Bailey's request, Boyd was transferred to the Raiders. He became a rifle platoon leader in Bailey's company.

In the Spring of '42, Boyd sailed with Edson's Raiders for the Southwest Pacific. On that fateful August 7, Edson's bully boys landed on Tulagi, and Boyd fought with the crack battalion in most of the initial Solomons campaign's sanguinary actions. Boyd didn't differ much from the other platoon leaders except that he showed an unusual knack and liking for fighting in the densest jungles. By late in '42 he was a captain and CO of "Dog Company."

OF ALL the actions on Tulagi and Guadal canal, he liked most the foray against the Jap stronghold of Tasamboko, which involved a lot of free-style battle in the jungle.

"There's something fascinating about fighting in the bush," said Boyd. "It's like playing cops and robbers when you were a kid. Also, I believe it requires considerably more thought than does the type of ground warfare, for an example, that they are fighting in the European theatre now."

Accordingly, he was well pleased when Lt. Colonel Sam Griffith, new CO of the Raiders, picked him to go with the first Marine reconnaissance party into the northern Solomons.

Also in the patrol were Lt. Commander William Coultas of the Navy, and three Marines, Marine Gunner James, Sergeant (now Lieutenant) Frankie Guidone, and Corporal (now Lieutenant) Robert Laverty.

Coultas was a scientist. He'd been a field man for the American Museum of Natural History and had travelled a lot in the southern Solomons before the war. He was not well acquainted with New Georgia and Rendova, but he was a magnificent bushman.

James was a competent old-time Marine. He was a veteran of the Nicaraguan campaigns and knew his way around in the jungles, even before the first Solomons campaigns.

Guidone and Laverty were typical Marine NCO's whom Boyd had chosen for the trip because of their ruggedness and experience in the jungle.

The five Americans were brought into eastern New Georgia by plane and landed secretly. Here they had a rendezvous with a benevolent dictator, Willie Paia, chief of New Georgia's natives. Paia had been mission-educated by the Australians. The chief hated the pagan Nips. He was a muscular little man with an intelligent face and close-cropped kinky hair. He wore only a lap-lap, or breach cloth, but it was always very clean. He talked in precise English to the Americans. He had arranged for carriers and paddlers for their canoes and he augmented their meager supplies with native foods.

The Americans were pretty sure that Japs were swarming all over the island. But there was plenty of cover and Capt. Boyd was confident that they could win out in any game of hide-and-go-seek if they were discovered by the little men.

Capt. Boyd found the New Georgians to be admirable men. The fellows whom King 'Willie Paia assigned to the Americans were tireless on the trail. And they could paddle 14 hours at a stretch, averaging around three knots.

There was plenty of hiking and paddling to be done, for Boyd's party scouted out all of New Georgia and nearby Rendova.

They made notes and drew maps of the spiny coral terrain and learned all they could about the weird forests of giant banyans where the undergrowth was as thick as the beard on a man's face. They studied the beaches for likely landing places. They paddled for miles up and down the wild rivers and found out the approaches to the main Nipponese positions. They made estimates, which later

proved remarkably accurate, of the strength of the Jap garrisons.

They saw Japanese almost every day and studied the troops for long hours through glasses. Sometimes, though, they didn't need the glasses for the Nips were close enough to smell them and to hear them jabbering.

They wore camouflaged suits and high-topped canvas shoes. So dense was the undergrowth that they dared to build fires, even near Jap positions.

The first scouting patrol was eminently successful because the Americans got the information they came for and the Japs never appeared to even suspect the presence of the reconnaissance party on the two islands.

Late in March, Boyd and the others kept a rendezvous with a plane in eastern New Georgia and were carried back to headquarters where they turned over all their information. Soon Boyd was getting ready for another trip into New Georgia.

However, it was not until the second week in June that he returned to the island with a reconnaissance patrol. Now First Lieutenant Robert Gleason, a husky young regimental staff officer, was second in command. Also in the party were Frankie Guidone, now a second lieutenant; Gunnery Sergeant Swede Erickson, who was killed at Enogai Inlet after the invasion started; Gunnery Sergeant Joe Sciara, and Platoon Sergeant Cutting.

This second group of scouts went into the island by destroyer and again arrived without meeting a reception committee of Shambos. First they went, by foot and canoe, to a place called Roviana Lagoon, where they had another audience with the Chief. Willie Paia greeted them warmly. He assigned them carriers and paddlers, and when they left he solemnly wished them God's blessings. Chief Paia was a pious Christian, and he felt very grateful to these men who were working to rid his beautiful island of the little pagans from the North.

Boyd's Marines needed all of the luck that they could get. Once they crossed Viru Harbor in two war canoes under the light of a full moon. All along the harbor's margins, Japanese soldiers were encamped. They paddled silently and weren't challenged.

JAP patrol activity had increased. Once Guidone and Sciara walked into an enemy outpost and were challenged. They froze in the brush, as motionless as a couple of bird dogs on the point. Many minutes later, they backed out on their bellies until they were safe in the jungle.

Boyd's Marines located beaches suitable for landings. They started to work clearing the beaches and carving out trails in the jungle. Then Boyd, leaving Gleason in command, started back to make a final report to the Admiral. Sciara was having a bad time of it with malaria. So he went along with the captain. Natives paddled them for 75 miles along the coast to a point where they were picked up, according to pre-arranged plan, by a destroyer. Soon Boyd was in conference with the Admiral, and final plans were being made for the invasion.

Boyd did not return immediately to his patrol in eastern New Georgia. First he had to act as guide for an army outfit which was to land on the western side of the island and proceed inland to a designated place. Boyd guided the army boys to their destination and then the red-whiskered New Mexican said goodbye and, with a few natives, hiked across the breadth of the island to the opposite coast where Gleason and the other boys were busily preparing for the forthcoming landing.

On this trip, Boyd, wearing out his second pair of high-topped canvas shoes, moved at a fast clip through the jungle in the day-time.

"But soon as the sun goes down in New Georgia, it's a good idea to take cover and not move," said the Captain. So, he would stretch a hammock between two trees in the undergrowth and go to sleep as peacefully as if he were under his father's cottonwoods in Santa Fe.

When he returned to the patrol's camp it was still several days before the invasion force was due.

He found that Gleason and the others had done their work well. They'd gouged out trails through the jungle, and just before "D Day" these trails had reached points within 1500 yards of the first Japanese outpost. Here a swamp began, on which the Nips had obviously counted as a moat against attack from this side.

Among the first to land was Boyd's rugged "Dog Company," with First Lieutenant Frank Kemp as company commander. Boyd had been suffering with recurring and very weakening attacks of malaria. He was urged to return with one of the ships that had brought the troops and turn in at a hospital. But Boyd wouldn't go back. His scouting patrols were over, but there was still "Dog Company" to lead into battle. And the Captain knew that the going ahead in the banyan forests would be tough. He was one of the few white men who knew the country, so he knew he must stay.

Guidone was to act as guide for an army outfit, which was to move up northward and get athwart the strategic road between the Jap garrisons at Bairoko and Munda. Another group crossed the swamp and attacked the first Nip outpost. But the biggest force headed out across the island, with Boyd's company on the point. "Dog Company" remained at the point for five days, two of which were spent in bitter fighting as the Americans captured Enogai Inlet and village.

"Dog Company" made its first contact with the Shambos at about three o'clock of the third day when a Japanese working party of 15 men were surprised working at charcoal ovens near the head of Enogai Inlet. The Japs, those that got away, scattered like quail and raised the alarm. From there on the going for the point company was exceedingly rough. Suicidal Jap machine gun crews tried to lay traps on the jungle paths for the advancing Americans. So began the slow and painful process of probing the forest and cleaning out the machine gun nests. "Dog Company" kept coming, though the casualties were high.

Judging by their defensive tactics, the Japs protecting the inlet and its coastal guns didn't realize the real strength of the US forces until it was too



e invasion of the Jap base

late. Possibly, the Shambo officers thought they were facing only a big American patrol.

A platoon from Boyd's company, led by First Lieutenant Tommy Pollard, made the breakthrough that resulted in the capture of Enogai. All of the morning the Jap garrison had taken a plastering from the Americans' 60 mm mortars. These mortars were laid in bomb craters, the only places where they could get clearance, and they did remarkable jobs since they could make only map estimates of range and deflection.

Lt. Pollard told his platoon: "Let's go in there and take them. Come on — and keep moving!" The Marines charged into the village, firing as they ran. They went all the way to the beach and then started fanning out among the shacks. The Nips attempted to escape into the forest.

The battalion's "Baker Company" had been attacking the enemy powerfully from the other flank and had only been held up because the Japs had the causeway leading into the village from this side enfiladed by machine guns. So the Nips were almost surrounded and when they started trying to escape the slaughter was pretty terrific.

Battered "Dog Company" still wasn't through. The company was ordered to occupy a point near Enogai that night and ran into more opposition than was expected. There was a brisk fire fight in the banyans about nine o'clock, by which time all of the Shamboes were either dead, wounded or on the run. But "Dog Company" suffered a lot of casualties, too.

Capt. Boyd was gaunt from sleeplessness and the weeks of living in the bush, and was having particularly severe malaria attacks. So, after the fall of Enogai, he was ordered back to a hospital for a rest.

He rode a Navy plane out of New Georgia. He hasn't been back since, but wants to return some day.

"It's kind of a pretty island, though a little weird looking," said Boyd, "and I got to know it almost as well as my part of New Mexico."

And, if he comes back, the red-mustached Marine officer will receive a proper welcome at the court of Chief Willie Paia.

END

Boyd's party was on the beach directing Marines and soldiers toward the "highways" they had built



Two thousand dollars and the future of two people was going to ride on

Hogan's Goat

by Sgt. Duane Decker

WHEN I got back to the apartment, Dixie was drinking a glass of milk — she seemed to be nuts about the stuff these days. But that's what happens when you spend 30 months in the Pacific: turn your back that way and you find your perfectly good bourbon-drinking wife has become a milk fiend. War is certainly a terrible thing.

She looked at me and lifted her eyebrows. "Well?"

"I did all right," I said.

"How much?"

I took the fat billfold out of my pocket and counted, roughly. Dixie kept sipping her milk and eyeing me unhappily.

"I only won a little over \$300 today," I said. "I had a horse in the fourth race that should be surveyed back to the ice trucks."

"How much have you got altogether?"

"That makes a little over \$2000."

"And it all rides on the nose tomorrow?"

I nodded.

"Have you picked the horse?"

I nodded again. "A sweetheart named Hogan's Goat. Hogan's Goat is a very hot tip I got from a jockey I used to know that I happened to bump into. He can't miss."

Dixie sighed. "I guess I'll go along tomorrow and see this thing through to the bitter end."

Then she took another sip of milk and looked gloomily out the window.

Maybe I had better explain why Dixie was so unhappy about me winning all this money. The trouble was, she never should have married me in the first place. She should have married some nice young guy who had a good job in a bank and put all his money in insurance policies, property improvements and stuff like that.

Myself, I had never even held a job since that day, many years ago, when I first discovered what easy dough could be plucked at a racetrack if you knew the right people and read the right dope sheets.

AFTER that, jobs simply lacked fascination for me. Of course I went broke regularly. But there were many pleasant periods when I could feel free to light my cigars with the flame from a ten-dollar bill and think nothing of it.

When I met Dixie and discovered I was practically putty in her hands, I told her the truth about myself. I made quite a long speech in which I outlined all the things that were basically wrong with me, throwing the verbal spotlight so to speak on my aversion to work. Dixie listened very thoughtfully. When I got through, I said: "Now, what I am giving you all this reverse build-up for is, I want to know if you will marry me."

She laughed in my face. "Joe," she said, "you're lazy, shiftless, ambitionless, hopeless and not even very good-looking except in a God-forsaken way. Why, a woman would be out of her mind to even consider your proposal seriously."

"That's very true," I said.

"Please give me a week to get ready," she added.

So we got married. I think that secretly Dixie figured she would reform me. That was okay with me. I was perfectly willing to let her fool around with the project if it appealed to her.

But as things turned out, Dixie never got the chance to wage the reform campaign. Because a month after we got married, that little unpleasantness occurred at Pearl Harbor and I took it in a personal way. In a case like that, of course, there is practically nothing for anybody to do but join the Marine Corps.

When I shoved off for Parris Island it was the last I saw of Dixie or anybody else except those Shambos that I had got so sore at. Believe me, the next time I get sore, I will select somebody who is

not so awfully far away from the good old USA.

Anyway, 30 months shot by like glue dripping from a tube. Then I came back to the States and hung around a Casual Company quite a while. Dixie quickly moved to the nearest town and we were able to spend many pleasant week-ends together, thus getting to know each other quite well — finally. After I got squared away, I started on my furlough.

Now, it seemed that Dixie had figured 30 months in the Pacific would have made a new man of me, changed my ideas about life and all that. She figured I'd yearn for a nice, steady job and a vine-covered cottage where we could raise an enormous family. All I really yearned for, besides Dixie,

Then, after the fifth race, I got up and said, "Well, here goes the rest of our life, baby"

were the racetracks and places with bar stools where you can get good bourbon merely by shouting, "Another of the same, Jack." I mean, that's living.

"I can't believe," she said, "that all you still want to do is spend your life following horses around the country."

"Let us put it this way," I said. "I am allergic to toil."

"Well, if the Marine Corps can't make a man out of you," she said, heatedly, "what can?"

I shrugged hopelessly. "Nothing, probably. Look, I've got a thousand bucks in my billfold. Back pay. In one week I'll show you how to run it up to \$5000, and if the government hadn't ordered this clamp down on race tracks I'd be able to buy you a mink coat every morning."

She walked in front of me with her hands on her hips and glared. "Joe, if you throw that thousand away on bum horses —"

I patted the top of her nice, brown head. "But baby," I said, "Joe never loses. Remember?"

"And if you don't lose it, then we'll spend the rest of our lives commuting between tracks." She frowned and thought hard a minute. "You're such a dead game sport, I'll make you a proposition with real stakes."

"Sound off," I said.

She sounded off. Her proposition was, she'd quit arguing and let me bet the thousand. If I succeeded in running it up into big league money, she'd quit



the nose of "Hogan's Goat" in the feature race

squawking and resign herself to the life of a horse-player's wife once I got discharged. But, in return for this generosity of character, I had to agree to bet the whole works — whatever I ran it up to — on one horse, on the nose, on the last day of the week's betting. And if I lost, then in return I'd have to agree to quit playing the horses for keeps and get a job as soon as I became a civilian again.

Well, she thought that angle of making me stake everything on the nose of one horse loaded the dice her way. But I can always dig up a sure thing if I have to. So I took her up. We shook hands and called it a deal.

Now, tomorrow was that last day and my \$1000, which had turned into \$2000, was going to ride on the nose of Hogan's Goat. Outside of the \$2000, nothing much depended upon Hogan's Goat except my — and Dixie's — whole future career.

So, the next day we went out to the track early and got seats in the stands. Hogan's Goat wasn't running until the sixth race, so I fiddled around with a few chicken bets in the early races and picked up a couple hundred — just to snap in.

Then, after the fifth race, I got up and said, "Well, here goes the rest of our life, baby."

"And it's still riding on Hogan's Goat?"

I nodded.

"Why didn't I think to bring your M-1 along," she said, looking out at the track.

I headed for the windows with my fat billfold. But halfway there, something — I don't know what — made me decide to go round back and take a look at Hogan's Goat. I didn't doubt my tip, you understand. I just wanted to reassure myself that Hogan's Goat was the real stuff.

On my way, I almost bumped into a Mex who was arguing with a guy in a plaid sports coat. As I walked by I heard the Mex hiss at him: "I tell you, today she *doan mees*!"

Now ordinarily, touts leave me cold, but the guy in the plaid sports coat happened to be Al King, who recently parlayed his petty cash into half the State of Florida. Any tout worth Al's attention was also worth mine.

I stopped. I looked around. Al King walked away. The Mex had said "she" but these Latins always get their genders fouled up anyway. He sounded so positive I wanted to hear him say he was talking about Hogan's Goat. So I walked back to him.

"Who doesn't miss, Jack?" I said.

HE LOOKED at my uniform. Then he said, "I tell thees only to friends and Marines. In thees six race — Estrellita."

I had to laugh in his face. "That dope-off?" I said. "She doesn't even belong in the same race with Hogan's Goat."

All of a sudden his face got purple. With rage. He shook his fist in my face. These Latins are very explosive when disturbed. What came out were a bunch of beatup words that indicated I knew next to nothing about horses and that I was reflecting, in general, on the honor, virtue and integrity of all of Latin America. This Estrellita was the greatest sleeper bet I would ever bump into. Said the Mex.

"I remember your Estrellita," I said. "I remember her well. She's a fade-out specialist. She pulls out in front in every race and then folds up in the stretch."

He nodded, excitedly. "But today she *doan mees*," he said. He kept spluttering and finally I pieced together enough of his pigeon talk to get the gist of what he was driving at. And it sounded like the real scoop.

It seemed that this Estrellita was a stake horse in Havana, one of the best. But when they'd brought her to the States, the trouble was she'd been brought up in the habit of hearing everybody scream at her in Spanish as she came down the stretch. Now everybody suddenly screamed at her in English. It confused Estrellita. It frightened the poor girl.

But today they'd finally got smart — they'd stuffed Estrellita's ears with cotton. She'd hear nothing. This time when she pulled out in front, she'd stay there. No folding in the stretch this time.

Well, it made a lot of sense. It's happened before. And, knowing Estrellita's great record in Havana, I saw no reason why she should suddenly become a bum in the States. Except this one, which was very logical. I turned around and my mind was off Hogan's Goat. I went back near the windows to

think — but close enough so I wouldn't get shut out.

Hogan's Goat was getting the big play — two to one now. Estrellita was six to one. She should have had higher odds but apparently the word had got around. Still she was a nice sleeper, as the Mex had said. The Estrellita business just gnawed away at me and finally I said to myself, "The hell with Hogan's Goat."

So, I put the works on Estrellita's nose. Then I went back to Dixie.

As I sat down, she looked at me and said: "It's in?"

"In like Flynn," I said. I decided, for no good reason, to let her think Hogan's Goat was still our baby.

"Fine," she said. "Hogan's Goat is acting up something fierce. Look."

I looked. Sure enough, Hogan's Goat was in a mean mood. At the post, he kept kicking and pawing and they were having a terrible time with him. Estrellita was waiting very calmly, soothed by all that cotton in her ears.

They got off. And Estrellita made the most beautiful start any horse ever made. She jumped in front as though she'd been shot from a mortar. There was a lovely lot of daylight between her and the pack by the time they finished the first quarter. And by the end of the half, it was a race strictly between Estrellita and Hogan's Goat, with the Goat looking like a poor second.

DIXIE was screaming and pounding me on the back. She was gloating. And I thought, "Go ahead and gloat. Wait till you find out."

The third quarter worried me because Hogan's Goat crept up like an advance patrol, slow but steady. By the time they came into the final turn, there wasn't more than a length of daylight between them.

Dixie was moaning softly now. I felt slightly ill. But then, when they hit the final stretch, the cotton paid off. Instead of folding, Estrellita straightened out like a real champ, turned on all the juice and left Hogan's Goat looking like something that was ready for pasture duty.

I was so busy, as it ended, trying to multiply \$2000 by six, that I wasn't aware immediately of Dixie talking.

"... and I know you feel sick, Joe," she was saying, "but I can't help being happy. Because now it can be told."

"Huh?" I said. "What?"

"Well," she said, "I guess you noticed how I drink milk instead of bourbon lately. It's for a reason."

I could only look blank, which I do well.

She stood on tiptoe and kissed me. "To put it in a nutshell," she said, "how would the idea of becoming a poppa strike you, Joe?"

I could feel the whole world crashing into small pieces all around me. I said, "Dixie — not you and me!"

She nodded her head, yes.

"But it couldn't be," I said. "Why, you haven't even been knitting any little woolie things or —"

"If it's not the straight dope," she said, "then medical science has lost its grip."

I sat down in the chair a minute.

"You can see," she went on, "how I didn't want to bring the matter up while we were arguing about our future. It would have been taking unfair advantage of you to win the argument. Now it's settled fair and square, which is good. Because really, darling, it would have been damned awkward, lugging the poor little tyke around from track to track."

MY HEAD was reeling but I was a very proud man. Still, it dawned on me that being in love is very similar to being a PFC in the Marine Corps: even when you win you lose.

I got up and I kissed Dixie. I said, "Sit down and rest. I — I'll be right back."

Then I beat it off to cash in my tickets. After I collected, I stuffed the wad in my barracks hat, to keep it out of sight, so she wouldn't know. I figured I'd take her home, then go stick this stuff in some bank somewhere that had a good burglar-alarm system. I'd try to forget all about it for 20 years or so, at which time I'd haul it out, drop it all in Dixie's lap — in ones and fives — and say, "Here's a little something to send the kid to Yale with. And if there's anything left over, go buy yourself a new hat, baby."

END

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE



AFTER working in a Squadron Office for the last 20 months I've come to the conclusion that a lot of orders and regulations come right out of the mouths of the lowest scuttlbutt-mongering privates in the Marine Corps.

It's an ugly picture but you can see the CO some morning saying to the Executive Officer, "Don't say anything to the troops, Joe, but I'm thinking they have got too much liberty. Maybe instead of working them 10 days and giving them a 48-hour pass, we should work them 12 days and give them a 24-hour pass. Don't do anything yet, I want to think about it."

Now that is an example of planned, strategic psychology. Of course the CO knows by this time (he's from the old Marine Corps) that no man in the Marine Corps, whether Regular, Reserve, or the persecuted Selective Service, can keep a secret. This is all according to plan.

The CO is positive the Exec. will tell the Adjutant, who in turn tells the Engineering Officer, who in turn tells the First Sergeant, who in turn tells the Line Chief, who in turn tells the Crew Chief on Plane EE58, who in turn tells his first and second mechanics, who in turn — need I continue! After three or four hours every man throughout the squadron has accepted his fate.

But there are times when we have put a fast one over on the Old Man by his same method of reasoning. It works both ways, you can easily see. Once in a while it really gets us some benefits.

Recently we transferred from an air base about 100 miles south of this station, and the squadron, pilots and enlisted men, traveled by aircraft. Traveling this way is the height of luxury, and I'm positive this is how we arranged it:

Private Joe Blow casually remarked one morning to Private First Class Peton Repeat: "Did you hear we are traveling by R4D's when we get transferred next week?"

"No, you don't say!"

That started it. Pete told Corporal Mahoney, Mahoney told the Sergeant, the Sergeant told the TSergeant, who in turn told the MTsargeant, who told the First Sergeant, who mentioned it to the Engineering Officer, who told the Adjutant, who repeated it to the Executive Officer.

The following morning the Exec. strolled into the CO's office and casually remarked, as though he had swallowed a PFC: "Major, did you hear we are transferring the troops by R4D's next Friday?" The CO tried not to look surprised when he answered, "Yeh, so I heard."

When the Exec. retired to his office the CO went into action, like a man left out of something, and called the Station CO, "Good morning, Colonel, how are the wife and kiddies this fine day — is it right that we are traveling to San Palomar next week by R4D's on that transfer business?" The Colonel screamed once, and replied with forced dignity, "Er-ah, why, yes, that's what I passed along to your office yesterday, wasn't it?"

SSGT. DAVID K. FARRER

Cable transmission between two isles famous in Marine history, Guam and Midway, is being re-established after two-year break



Having located the 40-year-old cable off Guam, the *Restorer* gets under way and hauls the line in over her bow. Most damage came to parts of cable on sharp coral reefs near the shore. Cable received less wear in deeper water which, in some places along this route, was four miles deep

RICH INDIAN

FLYING the "Rich Indian" signal of a red ball above and below a white triangle to indicate she is laying cable, the *Restorer*, Army Transport Service cable repair ship, is on her way again. Plying between Guam and Midway, the *Restorer* is resurrecting a trunk line of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, severed as a security measure by Navy technicians a week before the Battle of Midway. Plans were made to re-establish the wire service, dormant for more than two and one-half years, when American forces reoccu-

pied Guam in July, 1944, in the recapture of that U. S. possession. This cable, 2670 miles in length, is the second largest in the world.

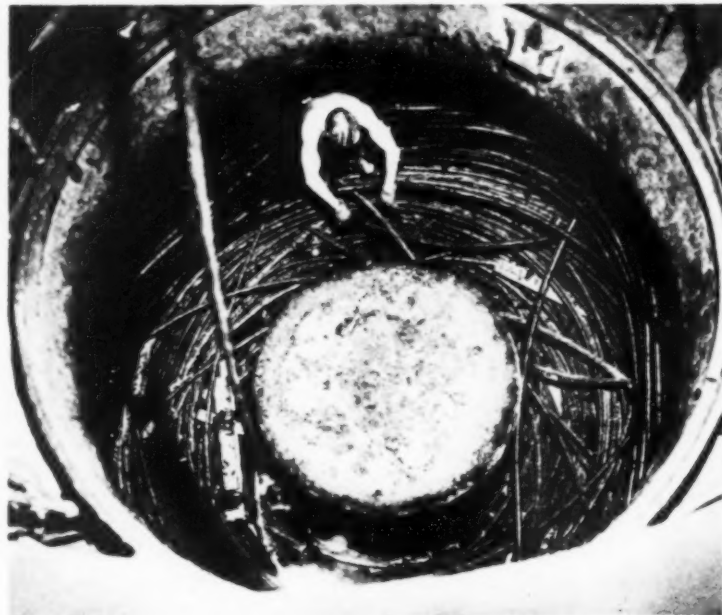
Built in Newcastle-on-the-Tyne in 1903, the yacht-like *Restorer* is one of the few ships of that type in existence. Most of her gear was installed when she was built, for there have been few innovations in this type of equipment for the last half-century. From the ship, a faulty spot in the line can be localized to a five-mile area from a distance 2000 miles away.

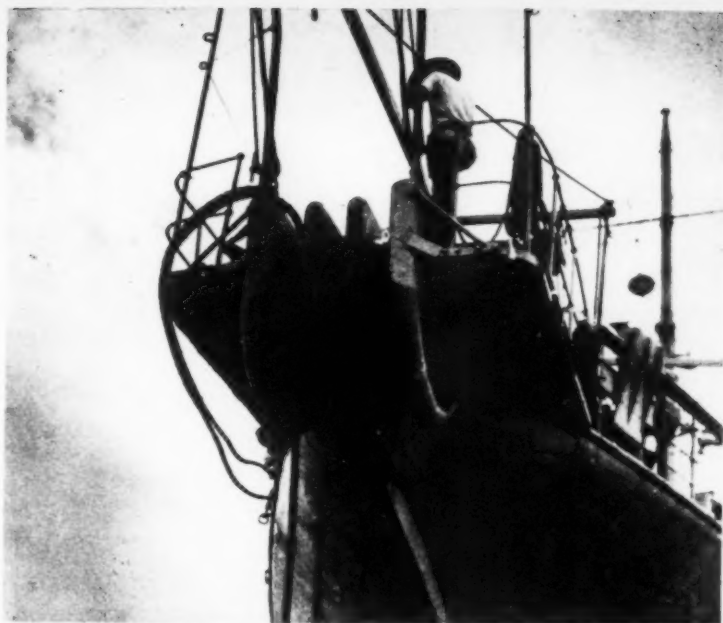
Photos by Corp. Dave Ohman

Surrounded by testing facilities, Cable Engineer Henry B. Porter, Victoria, B. C., localizes a fault in the cable. The gear is specialized, highly exacting

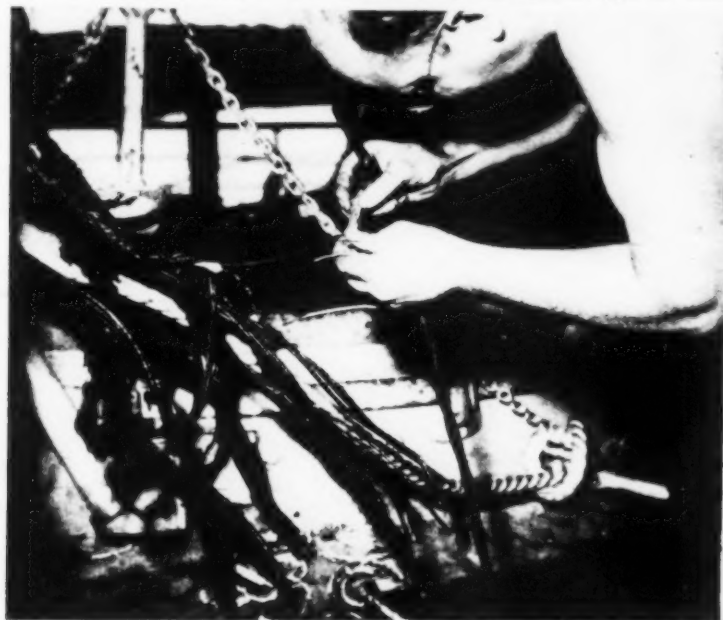


When the cable is dragged aboard from its watery bed, it is fed into a bellmouth in the deck and down a turntable to one of four arc tanks



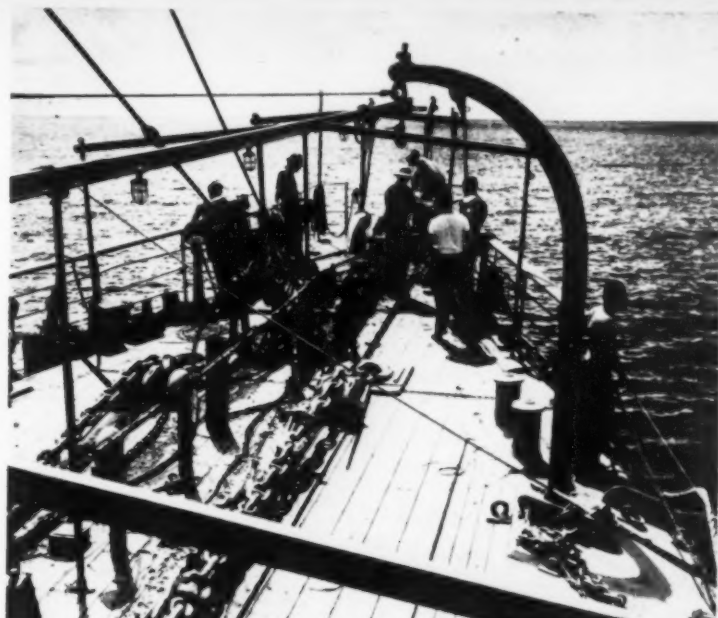


This is the Restorer's bow, with its large cable sheaves, shown reeling in two separate cables, a rare feat for ships doing this type of work



Aboard ship, the damaged portion of the cable is cut with an acetylene torch and the conducting wire is filed and tested by Army technicians

Restorer's crew use buoy boat, empty oil drums and a tractor to haul the cable over coral reefs to the beach and new cable office on Guam



Forward on the repair ship, the cable is examined as it comes aboard over the box on series of grooved wheels before passing below decks



Officers in charge of operation examine the line as it is hauled over the bow. All the damaged portions are repaired, laid again and spliced in

After the cable was dragged ashore enough of the line was allowed to reach the quonset hut which will serve as the company's Guam office



THE SERPENT'S TAIL

I CAN tell by the way you look at me, Mac, that you've heard people call me the "Eager Beaver Nut" and point me out as the Marine who almost committed hari-kiri. Got a light, bud? Thanks.

But that's not quite the right dope, Mac. Now, I don't expect to ever die. If the Chinese and the English cigarets and the French girls in Shanghai didn't kill me, then sure as hell a couple of Jap bullets would never worry me. I don't know why they brought me to sick bay anyway. Regulations, I guess.

But I'll tell you this, Mac, if things somehow got fouled-up and I did kick the bucket, and I was brought before St. Peter, or whoever the OD up there is, and he gave me a choice of outfit I wouldn't pick a snow job like guarding the Pearly Gates. I'd say, "Top, how about putting me on a haunting detail at Princess Kiss Me Softly's place — that's where I'd like to spend the duration of my eternity plus six months."

Mac, I've had a string of dames that would make a boot out of Casanova. I've had women from San Diego to Sumatra and back again and I've taken time out between hitches to fall in love with an Eskimo in an igloo above Ketchikan and a veiled lady on the balcony of a Turkish Mosque. But in all my days I've never known a gal like this Princess Kiss Me Softly.

I never knew what her real name was, probably couldn't have pronounced it anyway. She was one of those White Russians, you know. Tall and shapely, with a complexion as fair as snow and hair as black as a raven. The place she sang in was just off Kiukiang Road, one of those narrow twisting Shanghai streets full of the sweaty smell of many people in a hurry. It was a noisy place, this place where Princess Kiss Me Softly sang, and it had a low-slung ceiling, a long splotted-up bar and there was always a fog of smoke over everything; but when she began playing her guitar and singing her songs everything suddenly became as still as zero hour and the smoke seemed to suddenly vanish and the atmosphere became as bright and clean as a Mandalay sunrise.

SHE never let an evening go by without singing a Russian song called Kiss Me Softly, and that's how she got her name. She once translated the words for me. It goes something like this: You are going away, my lover, you are going far away, but just before you go, kiss me once more, only kiss me softly, kiss me softly.

Got another light, Mac? Much obliged. The doc told me to let up on my smoking, as if a little thing like nicotine could ever bother me. I guess old saw-bones doesn't know I'm an old-line Marine.

You know, Mac, when I first started going to Princess Kiss Me Softly's place I always had somebody hanging on to my arm. Maybe it was Fifi. Or Marcella. Or Dollita. But after awhile I took to showing up by myself. It was kind of strange for a

Marine to enter a booth without female companionship, and it was even stranger for him to be by himself as the evening wore on, but I would shoo away all the female barflies.

Me and Princess Kiss Me Softly hit it off from the very beginning and she'd come and sit with me between songs. It was very peculiar. Here I was, with gals swooning at me from all kinds of doorways and patios, just dying for me to give them a tumble, and I was content to spend my evening sitting in a booth for a few minutes of one gal's time.

But there was something so gosh-darn sweet and marvelous about her. She was like a princess from out of the fairy stories you read about when you were a kid. She made you feel clean and fresh inside, just to look at her.

If I were the marrying kind, Mac, I might have popped the question. Only my conscience wouldn't let me. Think of all the hearts I would have broken. The oceans couldn't have held all the tears. But there was another reason, a bigger reason. I couldn't help but think: How could a Marine sergeant, who never has enough dough to keep more than three or four ales ahead, keep up a princess in a manner due her?

It was wonderful, though, just sitting there in my booth, listening to her sing and having her talk to me. She'd tell me all about Russia, about the steppes and about Siberia, about the hard-riding Cossacks and the hard-singing Ukrainians and the hard-working Mongolians, and when she talked I didn't care if taps never sounded anymore. And sometimes when she talked her head would rest on my shoulders and then things would seem even more wonderful than before.

Those were beautiful days, Mac. I always had an idea that most people had the wrong scoop about the Garden of Eden, that it was really Shanghai,

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

Shanghai was a paradise
until the little Japanese
devils inched their way in

with its Oriental wonders and its strange, crazy sweetness and that maybe Eve was the first Princess Kiss Me Softly.

And then the devil began to inch in. Those little yellow-brown men, creeping in softly and silently, like cats.

Can I get another light, Mac? Thanks.

You think we've had it tough out on those Pacific islands, Mac? Well, sure, there are too many mosquitoes and things are too green and too lush and there is too much rain, but at least we have the satisfaction of getting back at those yellow-brown men. We can shoot 'em out of trees, and blast 'em out of caves and hold our bayonets for their bellies when they make their Banzai charges

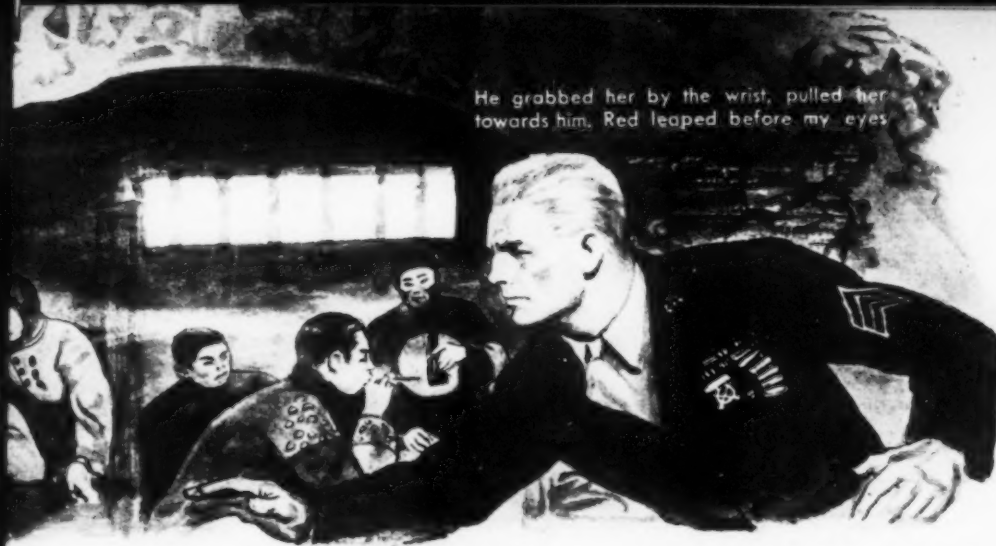
BUT it was hell back in Shanghai. Back in the days when Chamberlain went around with an umbrella and we were trying to be sweet to people who we knew were just itching to spill our guts. The Japs were getting snottier and snottier, but the Marines were given strict orders to leave them alone. No matter what they did or said, we weren't to start anything with them.

Well, I gritted my teeth. If that's the way it had to be, that's the way it had to be. But there was one particular Jap soldier that was making me grit so hard I was afraid I'd grind my teeth into powder. He frequented Princess Kiss Me Softly's place and it was plain to see that he had taken a fancy to her. He was a big, burly hunk of meat with jowls that hung down like fat in a butcher's icebox and a serpent's tail insignia on his drab brown Jap uniform leaving no doubt about how he fitted into the Garden of Eden picture. When I saw him looking at her with those evil, wanting eyes of his, I could almost die. I wanted to get my hands on his thick, bull neck so bad.

One evening he came in swaggering even more than usual, pushing people around who got in his way. I kept drinking my Ewo lager and watching him from the corner of my eye

Then it happened. As the Princess went by, he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her towards him. The color of red leaped before my eyes and blotted out all orders. I was out of my booth and at him. I let him have it flush on the chin and as he went reeling backwards, I followed along, smashing my fists into his yellow-brown face. He went down

He grabbed her by the wrist, pulled her towards him. Red leaped before my eyes



with a crash and I fell on top of him. I grabbed him by the shoulders and began pounding his head against the brass cuspidor at the end of the bar, and I would have kept it up until you couldn't have told his head from the cuspidor if two dozen people hadn't got together and pulled me off him.

Can I borrow another light, Mac? Swell. Well, I got busted a rank and 60-days' brig time for that, but before I could finish serving the time we shoved off.

She was at the dock to say goodbye.

"You are a very gallant Marine," the princess said, her eyes strangely bright and shiny. "I am sure that some day our paths will cross again."

"Sure," I said, and my voice was a lot huskier than it should have been.

And then she kissed me . . . softly.

I had a feeling, though, that maybe this was a last goodbye, or at least that the road between us was going to come in for some heavy strafing.

And, sure enough, I learned later from a Red Cross guy that when the yellow-brown men took over Shanghai that the big Jap soldier came into Princess Kiss Me Softly's place and dragged her away, and that was the last anyone ever saw of her.

Well, a lot of things have happened since. Guadalcanal . . . Bougainville . . . Tarawa . . . Palau. But that kiss she gave me survived them all. When things got especially bad, when the mosquitoes went on blood-letting rampages, when the rains forgot to stop and the Japs turned into ants, the more you killed the more that kept coming, I'd think of the Princess' kiss and things didn't seem quite as bad.

Say, I'll have another light. Gracias. You know, Mac, I often wonder about the guys who put the dots on the maps. Do they know what kind of a festering sore they're putting on the face of the earth every time they lean back in their shiny mahogany chairs with their feet on a desk and touch their pen to paper? Anyway, it was on one of these God-forsaken dots that I landed with an outfit one day for the business of flushing out the Japs. Several days later me and a buddy, Tony Westlake, were on a reconnaissance mission, nosing our way through the muck and mire they call the jungle, sniffing for Japs.

Tony, I guess, was about the best pal I ever had. You know, there was a time when the guys around me thought I was a little nuts. I guess I was a bit on the eager-beaver side, at that. Always on the go, especially when the fellows came back from the front lines. Sometimes I'd spend a whole day, even missing chow, talking to them. Sometimes if I heard an outfit was due in from the front I'd get up in the middle of the night to talk to the men.

"There's Eager-Beaver for you," some guys would sneer, "bucking for gunny stripes as usual."

"Can I help it if I like to know what's goin' on?" I'd answer back, when I felt like answering back.

BUT Tony never questioned my behavior. Anything I did was all right with him.

Anyway, me and Tony climbed atop a small hill and were having a look-see. Suddenly we hit the deck, as one man. Our ears, ground sensitive by the whining of sniper bullets, had caught something. We weren't wrong either. About a half minute later a Jap burst into the clearing below us.

He was moving warily and when the rays of the fading sun struck him it was like a spotlight putting the finger on a criminal in a police line-up. Tony began lining him up with his M1. I put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't waste the bullet," I said through my teeth.

"I'm going after him."

"Don't be a damn fool," Tony whispered back.

"There may be other Japs around."

"Sure, so you stay up here and squeeze 'em off," I said, and before he could argue back, I was off, loping downhill. Tony told me later he was going to knock off the Jap anyway, but, anticipating, I got between his M1 and the yellow-brown man.

The Jap was about 15 yards away when he saw me. And don't let anybody tell you that the face of the Jap is always imperturbable. Because this Jap's face came untinged with what would be called surprise in any language. And, as I came nearer, his face changed into that most awful expression of all, horror.

The Jap's face was not the only thing in action. His hand was moving, too. Now he had a pistol in it and was firing. I crouched lower but my stride didn't falter. I could hear Tony hollering for me to shoot back. But I didn't bother — I just kept coming. I felt two hot sticks of pain burn into me but I kept coming and pretty soon I was on him.

He tried to bring the butt of his pistol across my head but I grabbed his wrist and twisted it so hard that he dropped the gun with a screech. Then I grabbed him by his collar, and, holding him away from me with one hand, I slapped him with the other until blood showed at the corner of his mouth. Then I doubled up my fist and crashed it into his face.

HE DROPPED to the ground in a heap. But he got up quickly and came plunging at me head first. We went down together and began rolling over the slimy jungle grass.

He stuck a finger in my right eye and it became glazed with tears and pain, and he tried to gouge my other one, but by that time I had my fingers on his throat.

He kicked and squirmed, like a crazy animal, and tore hunks out of my face with his teeth, but I wouldn't let go of his throat. I pressed my fingers tighter and tighter into it. My head began to swim, my wounds were oozing my strength away, but my fingers kept to their business. They kept squeezing away until something squished. Then I noticed that the Jap's body was now limp and b'ubbery, like a fantastic jellyfish, and I pushed it away from me. Then, slowly, very slowly, I began to rise.

I never quite made it. Tony had to carry me back to camp.

Well, that's about all there is to tell, Mac. Except I didn't deliberately go out there to get myself shot or to put on a show. I had a personal score to settle and I had to settle it in a personal way. Because this Jap, you see, was not just another Jap. He was the one that kept hounding Princess Kiss Me Softly, the one that finally took her away.

It wasn't such a big coincidence as you might suppose, me running across him. Because whenever I talked to the front-line guys I always had one question to ask them: "Did you run across a Jap outfit with a serpent's tail insignia?" And I always managed to hook up with an outfit that was apt to be in the same locale as this Jap outfit. I guess it just had to be that sooner or later I'd run into him.

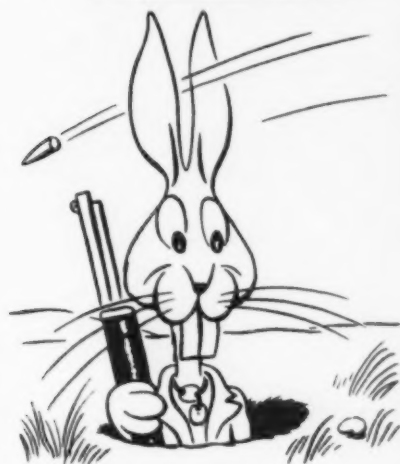
So that's that, Mac. What am I going to do after the war? Go around the world looking for Princess Kiss Me Softly. Maybe I'll find her, maybe I won't, but I can't think of a better occupation than looking for her.

Got another light, Mac? Thanks.

END

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All about BUGS



THIS is the slightly stupendous saga of a rabbit named Bugs, who not only got into the Marine Corps, but rose to the rank of PTC (Private Third Class).

Our cotton-tailed hero began his first cruise in the Corps during the height of the Tinian battle, which as anybody will admit, makes fairly rugged boot training. It was at this time that some Second Division Marines found Bugs near a shell-pocked house, casually nibbling grass.

They decided to attach him to the outfit. In less time than it takes to say, "Lettuce and Carrots Down!", Bugs was the senior rabbit of the Second Division, and very amphibious-minded.

When his outfit made its next sea voyage, Bugs almost got surveyed, then and there. Because a certain mess cook took a liking to him and offered the Marines 60 flapjacks in a straight deal for Bugs.

Tired, hungry, and with resistance at a low ebb, the Marines wavered. But in the end they said the hell with the flapjacks. Bugs stayed.

Meanwhile, he'd developed a terrific penchant for such un-rabbitlike chow as candy, doughnuts, chewing gum and beer. He was every inch (all 18) a Marine.

He'd become the topic of conversation in mail heading for the States. It was not an uncommon thing for somebody's wife to write as follows: "Dear Joe, You didn't say anything in your last letter about Bugs. Has he gone over the hill or what? I hope he's stopped drinking so heavily and —"

Well, actually, that stuff about Bugs' heavy drinking was strictly scuttlebutt. Sure, he liked his grog when it was served to him in a cup. But he knew when to stop. He never got really fried. Just sort of mellow.

The ironic twist to the career of Bugs is that after all his combat duty, he finally hit the casualty lists while at a rest camp.

It seems he was on good terms with all the pet dogs in the area, though not banging ears by any means. One night a strange dog showed up and paid a brief visit to Bugs' barracks. Nobody knows the exact details, but by reveille, our PTC could not have passed inspection for anything except maybe a stew.

Nope, PTC Bugs never lived long enough to get a hashmark — not because he was a careless Marine, but just because he was an awfully careless rabbit.

LT. ARTHUR M. SPALDING
Public Relations Officer



Floating Highways

By Sgt. George Doying

The old Jap pier at Saipan was wrecked in the Marine assault. Seabees pieced together a new pier with ponton causeway sections which had many times the capacity for handling supplies

Ponton Seabees went into Tinian right behind the Marine assault waves with ponton causeways. Supplies were rolling over the choppy coral-studded surf by midnight of first day of campaign



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Ponton barges are mobile piers capable of ferrying fighter planes from ship to shore

"miracle box" is the

THE lone Jap on a suicide mission was less than 200 yards from the ponton causeway which was the heart of Peleliu's ship-shore supply line when a star shell from a cruiser exposed him.

"There's a Jap bastard sneakin' in," sang out Seabee Chief Len Shachten, boss of the crew of the nearest section of the floating pier.

Three carbines cracked almost in unison, chattering out several rounds each as the Jap went down in the foamy surf. Later, they found five bullets in his body and the authors of the carbine fire — Seabees Alex Albert, John J. Gacek and Donald Anderson — argued all morning for the credit. In the end each cut a nick in his weapon.

The ponton Seabees — the men who build ship-shore highways for combat armor with floating "cracker boxes" — boast of being the only combat outfit in the Pacific theatre which assembles its own equipment, takes it into combat, then both operates and defends it at the front. At Peleliu, too, the ponton squads had to maintain a 24-hour vigil against floating mines.

The ponton, sometimes called the "miracle box," is a Navy contribution to this war. It wasn't designed, originally, for combat operations. It was, instead, intended to be shipped in behind the fighting men to provide mobile unloading ramps for the supply forces.

First use of pontoons in a beachhead operation was at Sicily where a wide, shallow beach made it impossible to unload LSTs carrying vital assault equipment. Pontoon spans, hurriedly lashed together by Seabee ingenuity, bridged the yards of foaming surf so that tanks, half tracks and other mobile armor could be "walked" in on the water.

The experience at Sicily was quickly adopted in the Pacific, where nearly every occupation involves bridging shallow coral shelves. Ponton causeways were taken on the Marshall Islands operation, pre-assembled and lashed to the sides of the LSTs for which they were to provide unloading ramps.

It was in the Marianas campaign, however, that pontoons really carved a niche in assault logistics for keeps. At Tinian, for instance, where Marines stormed ashore on a narrow, bleak coral-sharp beach, Seabees took a ponton pier ashore immediately behind the assault wave, had supplies rolling over it within 12 hours.

At Saipan, for the first time, smaller ponton assemblies equipped with their own propulsion units acted as ferries between the supply ships and the ponton pier for the heavy armor vehicles. One of the first such trips was made by a barge piloted by MM1c Ernest McCutcheon, a lean, leather-skinned man of 55, a licensed engineer from Florida and an Army lieutenant in World War I.

All through the hectic days of the battle for Saipan, McCutcheon kept a detailed ship's log of the operations of his iron-box freighter — including type of cargo on each trip, time required to load, negotiate the channel, unload, and return. The data became a bible for plotting the job of ponton barges in subsequent operations.



Versatile in their use, pontoon cells also are made into floating drydocks for combat areas

word for pontoons

Basic unit of all pontoon structures is the cell. The cell is a welded box of steel plates, five by seven feet, which looks a lot like a strong box without a door. There's nothing inside except air, but there's enough of that to float a load of 2 1/4 tons — or nearly a 50-ton cargo for a standard barge of three cells wide and seven long.

Assembly of the cells into barges, causeways — even floating drydocks for emergency small craft repairs in forward areas — is simplicity itself, like playing with an erector set. Cells are simply bolted to angle beams of the desired lengths; this is done in the staging area, and assembled barges and causeways go into combat lashed on the sides of LSTs, from which they are simply cut loose when the time comes.

Versatility is the word for pontoons in a combat zone. At Saipan, a pontoon barge was anchored offshore and used as a floating filling station for the amphibians and small boats. A couple of other barges lashed together were turned into a repair shop. A five-ton crane was bolted to a barge at Guam and used to transfer cargo from LCTs to the amphibians and ducks.

An unbroken, jagged reef at Peleliu kept supply ships more than 500 yards from shore, and at low tide, a coral-sand shelf closer in was too shallow even for small craft and barges to negotiate. Result was the longest floating highway yet built in the Pacific theatre. Pontoon barges which couldn't be used as intended were impressed into service as additional links to pontoon causeway assemblies to bridge from reef to shore.

The Seabees did the job in a single day, on D-plus-3. Actually it was two spans of pontoons separated by a coral strip at the shallow point. Seabees built the coral road too, a 75-yard stretch, by blasting the heads and bulldozing the resultant debris into a 15-foot-wide strip levelled at the high tide mark.

The Peleliu causeway had to be built and operated under sniper and sporadic mortar fire. One sniper, in particular, annoyed the Seabees for two days until he made the mistake of nicking EM1c Wayne Farrar, a Maine husky, in the finger.

"That does it," snapped Farrar to his chief, and he went stalking through the surf to take up a vigil behind a coral head close to shore. Next time the Jap fired he exposed to Farrar a perfect target, and was sent on a permanent visit to his ancestors.

Once, at Peleliu, the Seabees were too alert for possible snipers. One of their barges broke loose in a heavy storm and CM2c Richard P. Forde drifted away with it. He had to spend the rest of the night in the coral, water to his waist, because every time he tried to return to the causeway in the darkness, he drew fire from his mates. By morning his clothes were in tatters, his body cut and bruised, and Forde was cold, wet, hungry — and mad.

The snipers weren't so much of a nuisance, however, as the mines. For days after the Peleliu causeway was finished, the Japs trapped on the tip of the island tried to wreck the pier by floating mines down the current. A good many of these struck the out-



Assembly of pontoon barges and causeways is simple. Cells are linked to angle bars at staging areas, carried on sides of LSTs. Seabees go along to maintain equipment, often under enemy fire



At Tinian, anchored pontoon barge was first used as a floating fueling station for the amphibians and ducks operating "bucket brigade" supply line from ships to infantry front lines on island

croppings of coral and blew up harmlessly, but enough got through so that the Seabees were obliged to post a 24-hour watch.

"A Marine captain showed us how to make the mines harmless," explained Chief Logan H. Mitchell, a lanky, ex-structural engineer from Hyattsville, Md., "and we simply fished 'em out of the water when they got too close."

The Seabees piled the mines up in some wrecked Buffalos which they had sunk alongside the causeway to help keep it from bucking in the surf. In a week, the yield piled up into three figures.

Peleliu wasn't the only time the pontoon Seabees have been under fire. At Tinian, the causeway hardly had been completed before the Japs counter-attacked the perimeter of the narrow Marine beach-head ashore. Mortar shells began dropping in the water around the pier. Most of the men dived into the water, but MM1c George "Cliff" Haynes ducked down behind a convenient caterpillar.

Seconds later, the Japs got a direct hit, and Haynes got a chunk of shrapnel in his head. The shell exploded inside one cell and shrapnel punctured several others but it didn't put the pier out of commission; pontoon causeways can take up to 50 per cent ruptured cells and still float.

The Tinian experience was the second time Haynes was hit in the Marianas. He's a man of about 40, a steel worker before he joined the Seabees.

BM2c Joe Charvat, a veteran of North Africa, Saipan and Guam, and cox'n of a pontoon barge at Tinian, was luckier. He was piloting a load of octane gasoline ashore when the Jap counter-attack which hit the causeway started. A few yards away was another barge loaded with HE. The closest miss was a mortar which plopped into the water only a few yards away. Later, Charvat found a two-pound chunk of shrapnel in his sack on the barge deck.

Work in the pontoon brigade is wet, cold and gruelling. That's where Charles Borden comes in; he is fast becoming a legend in his battalion. A machinist mate, third, Borden carted a big urn and the necessary "makin's" for coffee on his barge at Tinian. Every time his barge touched the shore end of a run Borden had hot joe for any and all hands lucky enough to be around.

For which Borden now holds a new, and completely unofficial, Navy rating. Both Seabees and Marines at Tinian dubbed him — Coffee Mechanic, First Class.



WO EDWARD F. DEEGAN



WO FRANCIS G. KNAPP



CAPT. QUILLIN STRICKLAND

THE OLD CORPS

by Lt. Arthur M. Spalding

USMC Public Relations Officer



PFC HASHMARK

China, Cuba, France,

Nicaragua, they have

served at all posts

where legends start

"YOU'RE an old Salt, Gunny. Those China experiences you were telling us yesterday — how would it feel to be back in the old stamping grounds again?"

Private Marlow shifted uneasily, and then settled back comfortably in the oily shadows of the lantern.

Gunny lifted steel grey eyes over shaggy brows. For an instant his eyes sought Marlow, and then slowly dropped to the pen held between massive fingers.

The tent's silence was interrupted only by bass voices drifting through the night from the NCO club where a beer session was gaining momentum. Then Gunny spoke:

"Kid, I get a bang out of you boots calling me 'old Salt,' but sometimes I have to laugh. You mention China — well I've been there and seen plenty, but I'm not an old Salt."

"Who are the old Salts, then?" Marlow's words came quick and high.

"Up there," and Gunny twisted his thumb out into the night. "They are your old blood, and your real China Marines. It's taken them years to earn that title. You're only a boot and I'm a young Salt — but they are your old Salts."

"Come here and look at some of their pictures. They all started the way you and I did — as privates."

Gunny dropped his pen. His 200 pounds settled back to punish the canvas chair. His eyes watched Marlow as he picked up the pictures, and then took on a faraway look as he began to speak:

"That's Bates, champion chess player of all Marines. He was also master at Chinese chess,

but never master of the Chinese world's champ who weaned him on the game.

"This 25-year-veteran has a good reason for revisiting Shanghai. In '37 as First Sergeant of his outfit, he purchased 'greens' from a tailor named Fong Kee, 'guaranteed to fit or free alterations furnished.'

"To his sorrow, Captain Bates discovered that the trousers fell short on his six-foot-frame. Before he could revisit Fong Kee's, however, he shipped out. He yens to return so the Chinaman can make good his guarantee.

"The little tan-faced captain is Costello. He tried to join the Marines in '17 as a music, but his 16-year, 65-inch frame of only 100 pounds flunked him. A recruiting sergeant told him next year 'We want only men.'

"He made the Corps next year, and since that day has served with infantry, machine guns, artillery, aviation, and aboard cruisers and carriers.

"In 25 years, Costello distinguished himself as an outstanding athlete. He boxed at Santo Domingo, ran and jumped at Nicaragua, Guam, and Tientsin, and fired on the Marine rifle team at Pekin and Shanghai. He scuffled with English, French, Italians and Japs in rugby at Tientsin and Shanghai.

"Do you think that little fellow is too old to fight the Japs? Why, a few months ago he ran 5000 meters in 18 minutes. Not bad at all for a Leatherneck born in 1900.

"The next is the Pappy of this group — Charlie Gates. He watched Chiang Kai-shek's southern army fight northern Chinese guerillas. He was there when Marines disarmed Chinese bandits who had fired on them after the Devil Dogs had been told, 'No shooting.'

"He loved Shanghai's gay streets. He mingled

1ST LT. CHARLES T. GATES



CAPT. CECIL R. BATES



CAPT. GILBERT McCONVILLE





CAPT. STANLEY W. ROBINSON



WO ALBERT B. LAMAR



2ND LT. JAMES BANKLER

fondly with strange people from the far corners of the globe. By words and in his heart Gates contradicted the old saying that China was a dark and primitive land. He will return again, and no matter what changes have occurred in his 15 years' absence — will love China as before.

"The next four — Lamar, Bankler, Utz and Strickland were alerted along Su Chow Creek when the Chinese and Japs slugged it out in '37.

"Lamar and his buddies 'unlocked pieces' when a company of Japs, in eight barges, tried to land on their side of the International Settlement. The Jap commander, who was poor at English, told the Marine officer who challenged him, 'We make mistake — so sorry.'

"Bankler remembers the 'hell fight' put up by the poorly equipped Chinese when the Japs were shelling them at point blank range. Also how Chinese suicide crews rushed Jap artillery so their men could ferret out these guns and rush them with small arms.

"Utz had the best grandstand seat for the show from his observation post high atop a Shanghai building. He saw the Japs as masters of precision bombing, novices of dive bombing. Today he possesses the only panoramic pictures, known in existence, of the burning of Chape City.

"Strickland remembers beaten Chinese swimming across the Su Chow before a hail of Jap lead, and how the Marines disarmed and interned them.

"That's McConville, who was a proud member of the famous Fourth Regiment. He regarded them as the finest in the world, holding their own with the Coldstream Guards and the Grenadiers for smartness and precision in drilling.

"His tours of China were interesting, but not so interesting as the month he spent touring Japan, when he lived in native inns, ate native foods, and spoke the native tongue.

"In Yokohama he was trailed by two Japanese agents. Unable to shake them and growing tired of the game, the Marine stepped into a bar. The Japs followed and passed through to the rear of the establishment.

"McConville summoned a waitress and told her, 'Go back and tell those two men that I am a Marine on leave, touring beautiful Japan. I leave tomorrow for Tokyo and thence to Shanghai.' The waitress obliged, and the agents departed, bowing to the Marine as they did so.

"Deegan arrived in Shanghai in '30, played with the famous 'Thundering Herd' rugby team against the best players along the China Coast which were banded together as the Shanghai Interport Team.

"There's 200-pound Joe Turner. He saw his 16 trucks disappear beneath dark China waters during the famous Tientsin Flood of '39. Joe and his crew of four Marines and eight Chinese laborers worked 14 days from dawn to sunset, waist deep, jacking and building frames for them. The water rose 52 inches. Six weeks later Joe drove his trucks to safety.

"The last four are Knapp, Robinson, Jones and Shuman. When Knapp was in Haiti in '33, his rotund figure and deep stentorian voice won him the title, 'Senator from Aux Cayes.' On his evening tours of the gay bars he was greeted by Marines and natives with, 'The Senator arrives,' and the 'Senator' then was a Marine corporal.

"Robinson and Jones started their service careers in the Army. 'Robbie' served with the Eighth Army Division in France and Germany from '19 to '22.

"Jones joined the Marines after three years in the Army. He was a member of the Marine Detachment aboard the USS West Virginia.

"Shuman, who might be dubbed 'Padre' because of his religious convictions, travelled to Africa on a good will tour, and even to the Island of St. Helena where Napoleon was interned.

"So you see, Marlow, these men represent 250 years in the Marine Corps.

"They've been to the four corners of the globe, met all of the strange peoples in these lands — and done all of the interesting things to be done.

"We're the young Marine Corps and must eventually take their places, but their spirit, personalities and color will continue to pump the old blood into the new."

END

Photos by Sgt. James L. Burns



CAPT. JOSEPH COSTELLO

CAPT. GEORGE JONES



2ND LT. JOSEPH H. TURNER

1ST LT. JOSEPH W. UTZ

WO WILLIAM H. SHUMAN





TOM the Turkey is a feathered gent to whom Marines of the future on Guam will give thanks at Thanksgiving. Tom is the Adam of the breed there and what he is doing in the island's rehabilitation program is everybody's business.

Now Tom the Turkey was a very young chick when the Japanese cracked the joint and put the chill on a lot of people with their Nambu equalizers. He was in no position to squawk when they grabbed off all the corn and left him nothing but a very mean poke of dried coconut. He was very lucky at that because a lot of his chums were getting invites to snatching parties given by these same Japanese and got so well fried that nothing was ever heard of them again.

Well, not getting much scratch and continually worrying about the social side of this new lashup, he naturally got to be a very scrawny character, like he was down to playing for drinks. Of course he got in such shape that not even a Jap would throw him in the rice.

The months and years went by and Tom the Turkey didn't hear much more about the war until one day there was a terrible noise and quaking of the island.

In fact the shaking was so strong that Tom the Turkey hardly could keep his pins and went staggering and flapping his wings all over the farm of Jose Reyes, who had lost all his other turkeys.

It was maybe three weeks after the jam was over that a guy with the bark of a gendarme came to the farm and put the old arm on Tom the Turkey. This jerk was not a copper but he was well rodded up. Tom the Turkey got considerably PO'd at the way he was stored in a basket like it was the sneezer down at Agana.

He heard Jose laugh and shoot the breeze with this strongarm and noticed Jose called him a Marine.

The basket Tom the Turkey was in started to bounce and jump like dice in a chuckaluck. It was quite a while before someone pulled the lid off and Tom figured right there he was a gone turkey. This someone was a new guy who the Marine addressed as Antonio Cruz and it seems that this Antonio Cruz is Guam's chief agricultural extension agent and a good Joe to see when a turkey needs a croaker.

by Sgt. John Conner

Antonio Cruz picked up Tom and carried him into a circus tent and Tom was greatly worried. He was so worried he could hardly hold his noggin in the air and his neck felt very weak indeed.

"Here is a tom turkey," said Antonio Cruz.

"So what," said one of the men in the tent who Antonio Cruz addressed as Navy Lieutenant William Sausotte.

"But this is the only gobbler remaining on the island and we desire one for a connection with the hen turkeys," explained Antonio Cruz.

Now it is a fact that Tom was a sorry-looking bird to behold. He was undersized and puny and had a scaly growth on the back of his neck. Instead of being arched his neck was spiraled like a corkscrew. He had a very bad cold and his eyes could have used a couple of toothpicks to prop them open. In fact he looked so bad that all hands stopped work to stare like they were seeing a ghost.

Well, Tom the Turkey didn't realize it, but he was getting the once-over from the Civil Affairs Section of Guam's military government.

"Do you mean to tell me," said a fat party with a stir haircut, "that this half portion has any sex in it?"

"What," said another desk man, "is that condor doing under my desk? Get him out of here."

TOM the Turkey let out a slight beef, but his off-key gobble was interrupted by a flock of soprano hiccups and his noggin sagged nearer the deck.

"I will get him in condition for the hens," said Antonio Cruz, and walked outside dragging Tom on the end of a nasty rope.

So Tom the Turkey got the works. Antonio Cruz smothered him in blankets, slipped him several bottles of vitamin pills and forced him to eat such delicacies as corn, Chinese cabbage, Bermuda grass, banana leaf buds and grasshoppers. The grasshoppers were the small kind, and very juicy, and Tom figured the Japs must have been keeping them for themselves all this time.

He developed a very mean comb and strutted around and preened himself.

Then one day Antonio Cruz snagged a rope around Tom's leg after a two-hour scramble through the brambles and staked him to some corn and addressed him as follows:

"Tom," said Antonio Cruz, "you are the last of the Guamanian turkeys, except for a couple of hens who we will get to in good time. We need turkeys on this island and while it is tough going for you, I hope and trust you will make an honest effort to do the Marines and people some good."

At the mention of Marines, Tom the Turkey gobbled angrily and strangled on the corn until his comb turned blue.

"I am not pleased at your attitude regarding the Marines," said Antonio. "Maybe you don't appreciate all this chow and these dames you are going to meet and would like to be back eating coconut with the Japs. Let me see a change in attitude or I will be forced to put you back on coconut."

With that Antonio Cruz took Tom the Turkey off to his farm where the two hens were quickly filling out their figures with long sessions at the corn for lack of something better to do. The chances are that in better times Tom the Turkey would have passed up these dolls for frail with fewer notches on the calendar but now Tom figured the winter had been long and cold enough.

These two dolls were not at all alike except for their age. One was still passable as a racy dish. She was a Bronze babe named "Spanish Marquita." The other was a palish White Holland called "Little Isabel" and she looked very, very sincere. In fact she looked so sincere that Tom the Turkey was quite certain Antonio Cruz was right when he said to Lt. Sausotte that Little Isabel was the best layer.

But, as Lt. Sausotte says, whenever anyone brings the love story of Tom the Turkey into the conversation, it was like sacrificing a rite to make such a personal matter the object of curious public view. Anyone stopping at Antonio Cruz's can see for himself that the triangle is gratifying to every party and that Tom the Turkey is now of the opinion that these Marines are right on the old ball.

Tom the Turkey is no ingrate. There will be more turkeys on Guam.

END

A Guamanian gobbler concludes that the Marines are really on the ball

JUNGLEMASTERS

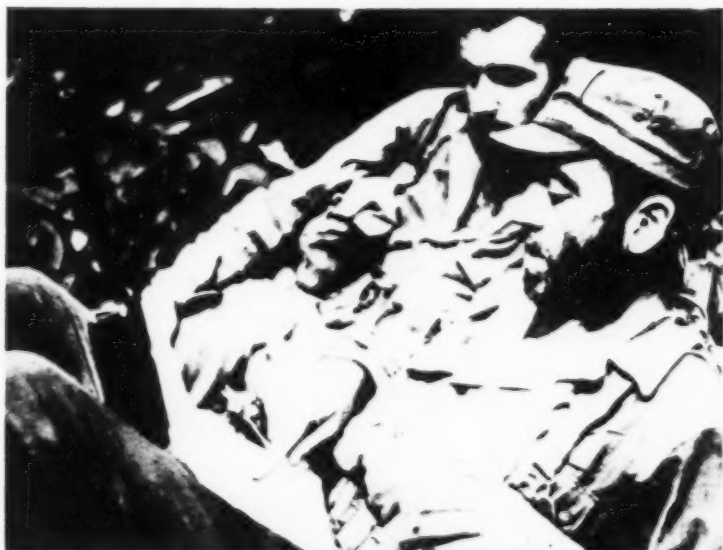
The Fighting Fijians

WHEN the Marine beachhead was established on Bougainville, largest of the Solomon Islands, part of a Fiji regiment participating in the engagement set up an outpost at Ibu, barely 10 miles from the heart of the Japanese forces at Numa Numa. While on a 60-day foray into enemy territory these fearless jungle fighters killed upwards of 400 Jap soldiers with a loss of but one of their own number. Supplies were parachuted to the Fijians and Cub planes used for artillery spotting made a daily flight to the garrison, landing on a miniature strip that had been hacked out of the jungle by the scouting party. After months of harassing and ambushing the enemy, the patrol was recalled to the Torokina base when it was established definitely that the Japanese never could evacuate their trapped thousands of troops from the island.

The Fijians were led by both their own and New Zealand officers, one of the latter being decorated posthumously with the British Military Cross for outstanding leadership during the Ibu campaign. Working close to the Japs throughout their stay in the dense bush, natives and officers ate and slept with their weapons always close at hand. An old thatched mission house served as headquarters for the unit while in the jungle and here patrols and ambushes were planned against the Japs. On these sorties the natives travelled in camouflaged dress, their pockets jammed with grenades and ammunition.



Fiji troops on Bougainville outfought the Japs to a 400 to one score



While on a patrol deep in the heart of enemy country, two New Zealand officers study a map to plot their position. One was later killed in action against the foe and received posthumously the British Military Cross.



Camouflaged with ferns and his pockets bulging with hand grenades, a Fijian officer reports on his platoon's having held a tiny village against a force of several hundred Japanese soldiers for a period of 24 hours.

JUNGLEMASTERS (continued)



This fellow, a native of the Buka Passage district of northern Bougainville, came to Ibu with several others of his tribe to act as porters for a patrol moving north. He wears the blue and red headpiece until he's married and it's taboo for women to see him without it



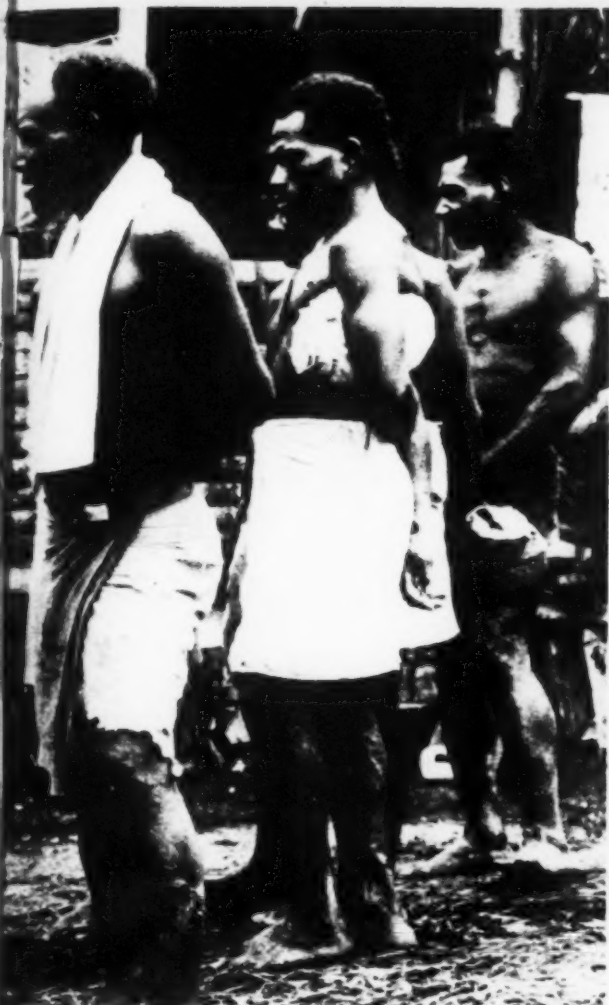
Using a flashlight for illumination, officers plan patrols and ambushes against the Jap forces on a map at the old thatched mission house which served them as a headquarters. On all of these sorties the native troops scouted positions at Numa and took a big toll of the invaders



A group of angry islanders report to officers at Ibu an attack by Japanese soldiers on a band of natives moving peacefully over a trail in jungle. One tribesman was killed



Robed in a piece of parachute silk, a Fijian soldier checks over a para-pack of field rations that was dropped to the outpost at Ibu by one of the Corps' transport planes



The fact that the natives were dressed in parachute silk is believed a possible reason for the unprovoked attack. Later the same day the Fijians ambushed the offenders



Weighing 300 pounds each, cylinders of rations were dropped to the Ibu garrison by Marine Corps planes. This performance was a source of delight to the Fijians who liked to stand directly under the descending packages until the last moment and then dodge out of the way



Bedecked in bright-colored parachute silk, which was the unofficial uniform of the day at the garrison, another native weaves palm fronds to be used in a jungle shelter



Natives flocked to the outpost to exchange market produce for such items as stick tobacco and silk from parachutes. They came in long processions, men of the tribe leading the pilgrimage, with the women following along the trail, burdened down with bananas, taro, squash and coconuts

They Get The Scoop

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

The Jap has few secrets

A GROUP of Marine airmen, just back from a bombing mission over the Jap-held Kahili airfield, were filing before a man at a desk and relating their experiences and observations. Their stories were pretty much the same, one after the other. They told about hits scored on the airfield, about the fighter opposition, about the ack-ack.

Anyone else would have become tired of hearing the same story repeated so many times — but this man couldn't afford to stop listening. He was the ACIO — Air Combat Intelligence Officer. One of the men might come through with some important new information — something he should know.

Finally, one of them did.

"I thought I noticed something about six miles beyond the airport," he said.

"What did it look like?" asked the man behind the desk.

"It looked like they might be working on another airfield."

This particular area had been photographed from the air and had been traversed constantly by Marine planes without revealing any such thing. But acting on this tip, at the suggestion of the ACIO, the place began to be bombed.

Sure enough, it developed the Japs were building an airport there, and, as a matter of fact, had all but completed it. They had camouflaged the field by stringing the tops of trees over it. Apparently the Japs planned to dupe the Marines into believing that they were destroying their Kahili air base while all the time they would have a brand new field unmarred by a single bomb mark.

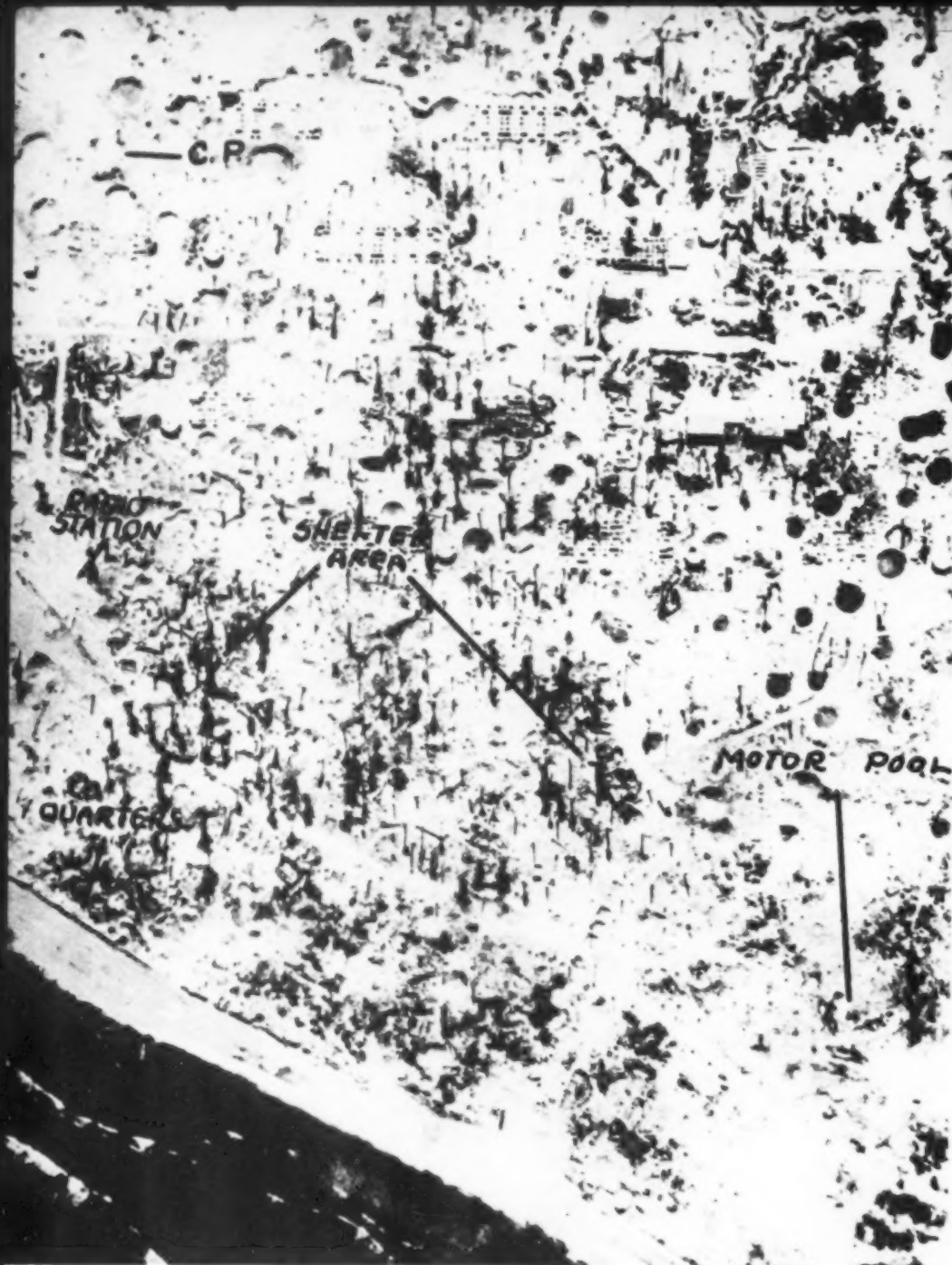
As it turned out, the secret base was destroyed before the Japs could send a single plane up from it.

LISTENING to airmen returning from missions is an important function of the ACIO. But it is by no means his only one. Although the chances are he himself can't fly, he's one of the most important cogs in any air outfit. No air unit, from the biggest air command to the smallest squadron, is without an air combat intelligence officer.

The ACIO's job is to get the scoop and then to pass it on. His life is a never-ending cycle. He examines photographs, maps, reports, monographs. He talks to the crews back from a mission, extracting the vital information, compiling it along with other information he has garnered from previous missions and other sources. Then, in briefing sessions, he passes this dope on to succeeding flights. When these squadrons come back, he talks to their crews, squeezes out the important stuff, embodies it with other information already at his command and passes this along to other flights going out. And so on, ad infinitum, or at least ad duration of the war.

This cycle is extremely necessary. The ACIO's reports, revealing as they do the weaknesses and accomplishments of the Marine squadrons and those of the enemy, play a big part in the decisions concerning future operations.

They also play a vital role in the development of Marine Corps aviation in general. For these reports, after being studied by the staff in the field, are sent back to Headquarters where they influence decisions in the designing and make-up of new planes.



Air combat intelligence officers rely on aerial photos for much of their information about the foe. This one shows Jap-held Wotje last September after six months' pounding by the Fourth Air Wing.

Before the pilots take off against enemy objectives they are briefed thoroughly by the Marine combat intelligence officers. Data obtained from other pilots and sources form the background





The aerial photographer supplies pictures of enemy installations. These are given to ACIO's for study. Data gained from the photos goes to airmen



One of the ACIO's jobs is to listen to pilots back from missions, get as much dope as he can about enemy anti-aircraft fire, tactics, opposition

ts that the air combat intelligence officers are not able to pry from them

Once a pilot, in reciting his experience on a mission, told of a Jap plane squirting lead at him in large doses while it was banking left. To the layman, this might have been just another incident. But to the sharp ear of the ACIO, who has to have a thorough comprehension of air combat tactics, this piece of information indicated something important, a shift of Jap plane artillery.

Noteworthy information such as this must be passed on to succeeding flights, so that they will be prepared for this new maneuver of the Japs.

Staff officers in the field also study this information. They might decide that to insure the success of future flights new formations will be necessary.

BACK in Washington, aviation headquarters, perusing this report along with others, might come to the conclusion that the new Jap strategy has become permanent and standard and order a change in Marine plane construction to meet the enemy's new tactics.

Perhaps more than anything else the embryo intelligence officer is impressed with the fact that he cannot know too much about the enemy.

Specifically, and among other things, the ACIO learns as well as possible the terrain characteristics, number of runways, dimensions, operational status and facilities of all enemy airdromes within range of his unit — the flying characteristics of all enemy aircraft likely to oppose his unit; their range, ceiling, speed, rate of climb, wing span, length of fuselage, bomb load, firepower, equipment, vulnerability, endurance, offensive and defensive capabilities — the enemy's aircraft detection and warning system — the location, strength, firepower, accuracy and range of enemy anti-aircraft — characteristics of enemy camouflage installations and decoys — damage done by various bombs — methods used to fire rockets.

During the attack on Munda something went off key. The plan was to shell Munda from Rendova while two forces, landing on the opposite side of the island, drove toward Munda through jungle which was almost impassable.

The northern group was to close the Japs' back door while a landing party from the south made a frontal attack.

The northern group disembarked at Rice anchorage and drove steadily through the jungle, but the southern party was unable to keep its schedule. As a result, a large force of Japs was left free to pounce upon the other band.

The Marines had to hack their way through the jungle in one of the bloodiest bits of business of the war. They finally made it, but only with constant and skillful air support.

It was not an easy thing to obtain this support. The line between the positions of the Marines and the Japs was a thin and changing one. Yet, with the help of the ACIO's, the dividing line was so accurately set that the Marine flyers were able to harass the Japs without harming the Americans.

The air combat intelligence officer who lacks tact or the qualities of good fellowship may come in for a rough time. There was an ACIO on Bougainville who became highly unpopular with the men because he had a district attorney-like manner of question-

ing them. It was like going through a third-degree to go before him; he insisted on getting details when they had none to give. Finally, the men decided to fix him.

One day, after completing a mission, the men began to file before him as usual. The first one said: "Wow, did I run into some Jap plane! Never saw anything like it before. Why, it had three engines — two in front and one behind helping to push. And it had two tails."

It was incredible, of course. The other men, however, not only confirmed this but added to it. One man said it actually seemed to breathe fire, like a dragon. Another said it made strange laughing noises, like a hyena. And so on, and so forth.

After a while, the ACIO began to get the idea. He was being taken for a ride.

He promptly got off his high horse and to this day never has remounted.

The intelligence officer who isn't a good talker would be about as useful as a tongue-tied master of ceremonies. While the ACIO wants the men to open up he must skillfully guide them away from irrelevant matter. For he must work swiftly. It is important that his report be written as soon after a mission as possible.

The intelligence officer's interview with the men is considered so worthwhile that no matter how anxious the commanding officer is to talk with his men he usually waits until the ACIO has finished with them.

Probably the ACIO dislikes thinking of himself as a school teacher, but, actually, one of his most important functions is teaching. His fund of information would be valueless if he did not know how to relay it to the men. Like the one-room rural schoolmaster, he forever is pointing with a stick to maps and charts. It is usually the ACIO who gives the men the dope on the best survival technique for their particular theatre of operation. Many a downed airman has come back because he had the right dope on how to handle himself in the jungle and how to get along with the natives. The ACIO learns the customs and the habits of the natives, so that the men will know how to keep their goodwill.

ANOTHER "schoolmarm" duty the ACIO frequently catches is instructing the airmen in how to recognize instantly planes, vessels, tanks and vehicles.

Don't be too surprised if after the war a few books start popping out from the typewriters of former ACIO's. They have to do a lot of writing in their work. It is their responsibility to keep a daily "war diary" of their units, citing the accomplishments, changes and reasons for the changes. Recommendations for improvements in tactics, operations and materiel are frequently incorporated. These histories are carefully studied by those interested in the progress of Marine aviation. Eventually they become a permanent part of Marine Corps lore.

Perhaps the most necessary talent for an ACIO is ability to judge men keenly. Some men are prone to exaggerate, others to underestimate. The intelligence officer's job is to arrive at the nearest thing to the truth.

The way an ACIO usually deals with an airman who is inclined to be off the beam with his information is to acquaint his comrades with the fact. They will kid him into being more conservative in his observations.

There was, for instance, the pilot who claimed he saw a Jap ship hit near the Marshalls and hundreds of Nips leaping into the water. Talks with other airmen made it seem highly unlikely that the incident occurred, at least on that big a scale.

From then on whenever this pilot hove into view, others would suddenly begin talking in voices louder than necessary about "hundreds of Japs" jumping into the water.

"Hundreds?" one of the men would pipe up.

"Hundreds? Did I say hundreds?" the response would come. "Thousands! Tens of thousands! Hundreds of thousands!"

It is rare, of course, for a pilot to invent deliberately. But men frequently do not agree among themselves about what they saw.

Once six planes participated in an attack on Rabaul harbor. Three of the pilots said there were three ships in the harbor; three maintained there were four ships. So arduously did the two factions argue the point that it left a temporary cleavage in their relationship. For a time they quit speaking to one another.

When he receives conflicting reports like this, the ACIO could use a little of the wisdom of Solomon. His reports cannot be a welter of confusion — they must point to the truth.

Along with everything else the ACIO is a bit of an FBI man and a good-will ambassador. It is up to him to provide counter intelligence measures. He is responsible for seeing that the area is properly camouflaged and secured. He also is on the lookout for any "fifth column" activity or sabotage. The job of taking care of the curious press, treating them fairly and, at the same time, knowing what information they shouldn't have, falls in his lap when the PRO is absent.

Before he can qualify as an air combat intelligence officer, a Marine undergoes weeks of intensive study, which includes such formidable subjects as navigation and aerology. College graduates have been known to flinch at the severity of the exams. But book info isn't all. Before he reports to duty in his combat area, the ACIO goes to a corresponding overseas spot to gain background. By the time he is ready for the real McCoy, he can, blindfolded, pinpoint on a map Alamagan, Guguan, Sariguan, Anatahan, Medinilla.

Some ACIO's come to understand the makeup and workings of the enemy planes so well that they can all but restore the shot down ones.

Good air combat intelligence work helps to stay ahead of the enemy, making for initiative — without which victory is hardly possible.

The Japs built a secret radio station on Gutukai, hoping that it would be instrumental in developing a surprise attack on Guadalcanal which would push the Marines into the sea and arrest America's drive in the Pacific.

But the ACIO's found out about the station in time and soon Marine planes were wrecking the place and the plans of the Japs. **END**

Ulithi's airstrip was once a swampland. Army engineers cleared and Seabees built the runway. Marines fly off it



Outpost on Ulithi

Marine planes were taking off of the airship three weeks after Seabees started to work



The finished airstrip is a smooth ribbon of packed coral representing hours of hard toil. The first plane glided down to a landing three weeks after the Seabees went to work



Early bivouac was group of shelter halves. Cots were rare and most slept on ground

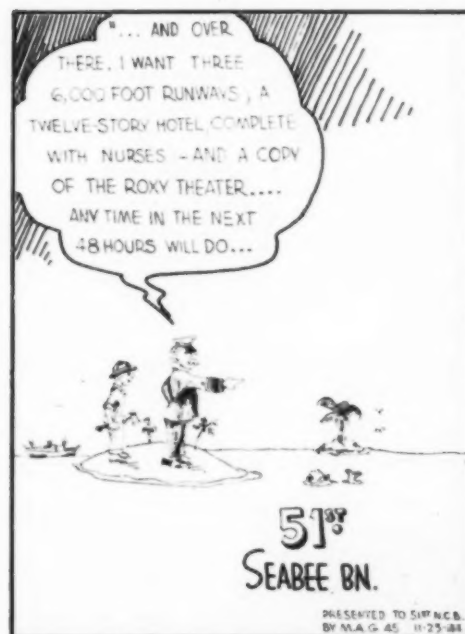


Roads lace isle where once was jungle. Tents have replaced the bivouac shelters

ULITHI is one of scores of lesser known coral islands which dot the Pacific. More particularly, it is located in the western Carolines. Prior to last fall, the island was a morass of tropical vegetation, swamps, mosquitos, flies and a few native huts.

Then came the Marines, Seabees and army units and, within 41 days, the island was transformed into a Marine forward air base which the wing commander has characterized "one of the best" in the Pacific. The transformation involved the improvement of some 60 acres, mostly swampland. Six thousand yards of rocks had to be dumped into the swamp for every 100 feet of runway of the airstrip. More than 200,000 yards of coral rock and sand have been moved.

Today, Ulithi is still partially surrounded by Jap-held atolls, but it is a busy, smoothly functioning outpost on the route to Tokyo.



Seabees worked on a 24-hour round-the-clock schedule, seven days a week, in doing the job

BUGS



Every Marine Should Know

Written and illustrated by Sgt. Fred Lasswell



Since the days of Tun Tavern, Marines have been gentlemen of the finest calibre. Their behavior has always been impeccable, their dress immaculate, their eagerness to conform with military regulations unsurpassed. Despite these amazing qualities, men of the Corps have been plagued for years by a strange phenomenon which forces them against their better judgment to deviate somewhat from the straight and narrow path.

To determine the cause and cure of this mysterious plague the Bacteriological Research Department of THE LEATHERNECK has conducted extensive laboratory tests on thousands of GI victims and has come to the conclusion that all the trouble is caused by the "Umaidmee Doodit" bug family. These infinitesimal microisms infiltrate the bonus headus and lodge in the anterior brainus. A thorough scientific analysis is given herewith of the various species of the "Umaidmee Doodit" bug family.

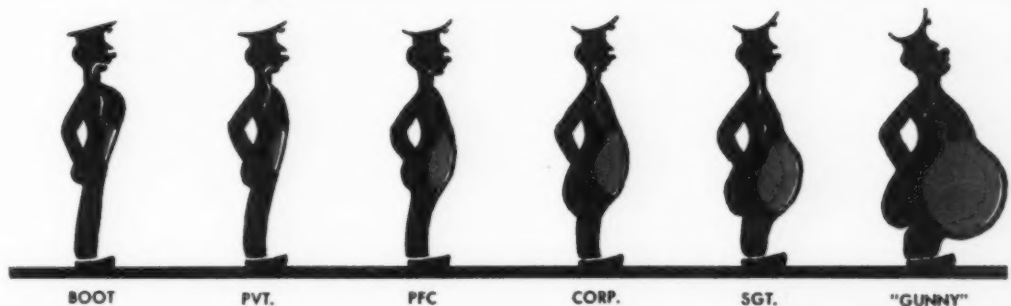
Dopeus Offitis

Through the use of our microscopic photo interpreter, we are able to study this malignant species contaminating a prostrate victim. They also run rampant during work details.



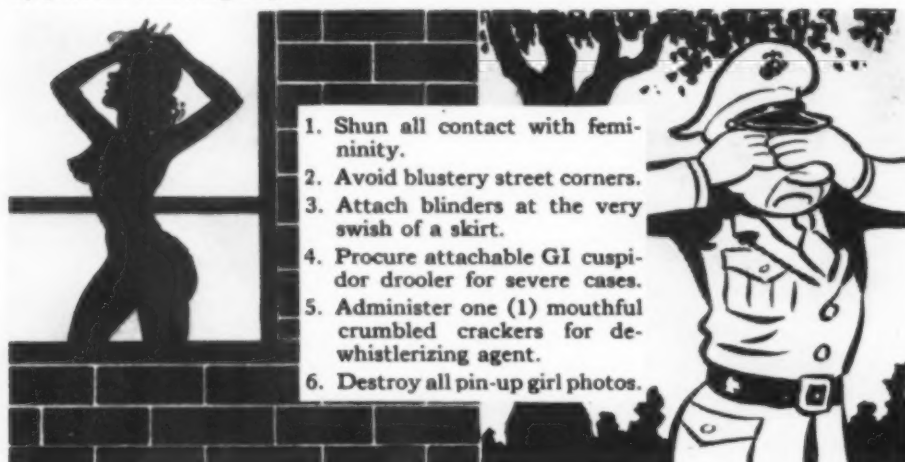
Slouchus Pouchus

Actual X-rays showing the progressive contamination of the "Slouchus Pouchus" bug. This bug is found in poge-bait and attacks unsuspecting victims in slop chutes. The disease is most prevalent among old gunnys.



Chronic Wolferitis

Marines, long famous for their rigid reserve in the presence of the opposite sex, have suddenly become infected by this dreaded bug. Unless checked it promises to assume epidemic proportions. In response to thousands of sufferers requesting relief, we hereby post the following helpful hints.



Earial Bangerosis

Persons bitten by this bug display following symptoms in presence of superiors:

- Rhythmic saluting
- Constant "Yes, Sirring"
- Bearing gifts and gratuities
- Bestowing kindnesses and favors



Administer one chevron (s.s. and s.w.) at frequent intervals for enlisted personnel. Elevate officers with a routine booster dose of $\frac{1}{2}$ cc. (0.5) higher rankerine.

Hallus Montezoomus

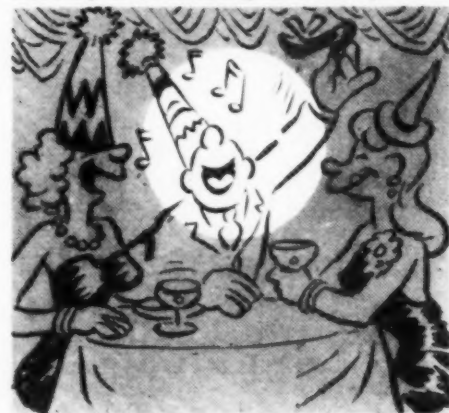
These bugs lie dormant in most red-blooded American boys. The lilting strains of martial music awaken these microbes into violent activity causing the victim to rush to the nearest recruiting station for relief.



A few seconds after the above photo was taken the pictured civilian completely succumbed to the disease. He now carries two hashmark scars and one PFC abrasion as a result of this scourge.

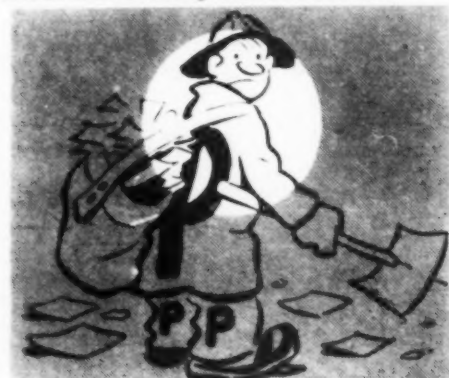
Overleavus

This treacherous bug preys on unsuspecting victims during those frequent occasions when Gyrenes are away on furloughs.



Before

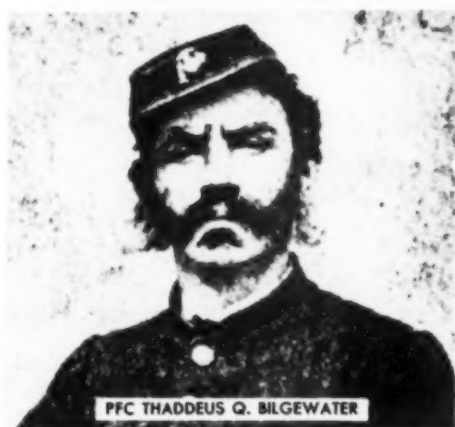
Joyousness reigns supreme as this bug goes about his dastardly work unnoticed.



After

Advance stages of Brigitis set in immediately following Overleavus infection. Thirty days on P & P pills will cure most cases.

Swabbus Deckitis



The Marine detachment aboard the *USF Constitution* took fiendish delight in swabbing the deck fore and aft. Swabs were locked below after hours to keep the men from wearing them out during liberty. This passion for swabbing was universal throughout the Corps until PFC Thad threw a convulsive fit at a swab party one day off Nicaragua in 1869. He was the first victim of this deadly bug. Since then the disease has spread until now nearly 99 99/100% of the Corps are allergic to the very sight of a swab.

Drillus Instructori

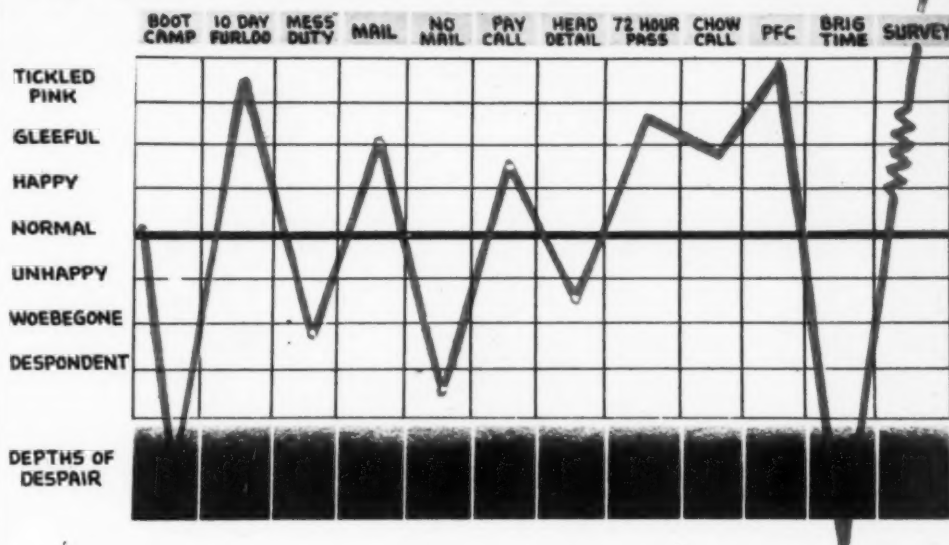


Jet black circular areas show where this horn-headed bug preys on recruits. Violent mental anguish and spasmodic physical contortions accompany victims of this bug from eight to 20 weeks.

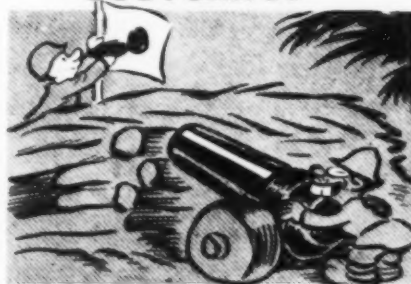


Gyrenus Moralus

Compiled from literally thousands of actual charted cases, this diagram graphically shows the widely varying effects of the "G.M." bug upon the nervous system.



Souvenirus



Marines exposed to this bug oftentimes become stricken with incurable Sniperitis.

Foxholentary

This scourge of scourges attracts highly concentrated quantities of mosquitoes, ants, flies, scorpions, lizards and other rare specimens of insect life unknown to biological science.



Meteorologists are astounded at the magnetic powers exhibited by victims of Foxholentary. Blistering sunshine, torrential rain, mud and sand seem to abound wherever these sufferers congregate.

Homesikitis



Most Marines, enthralled by the tropical splendor of the romantic Pacific isles, when bitten by this bug have the mad desire to leave their Utopian paradise and return to the dull and uninteresting routine of life in the States.

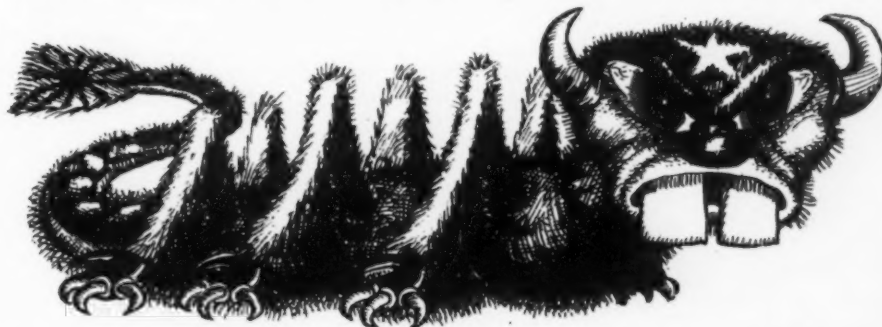
Kayrationitis



In certain packages of delectable concentrated foods distributed to troops overseas this bug is found. It infects these morsels of gastronomic delight, causing the victim to break out with dry mouth and acute symptoms of emptiness. Spamissimo is another common ailment.

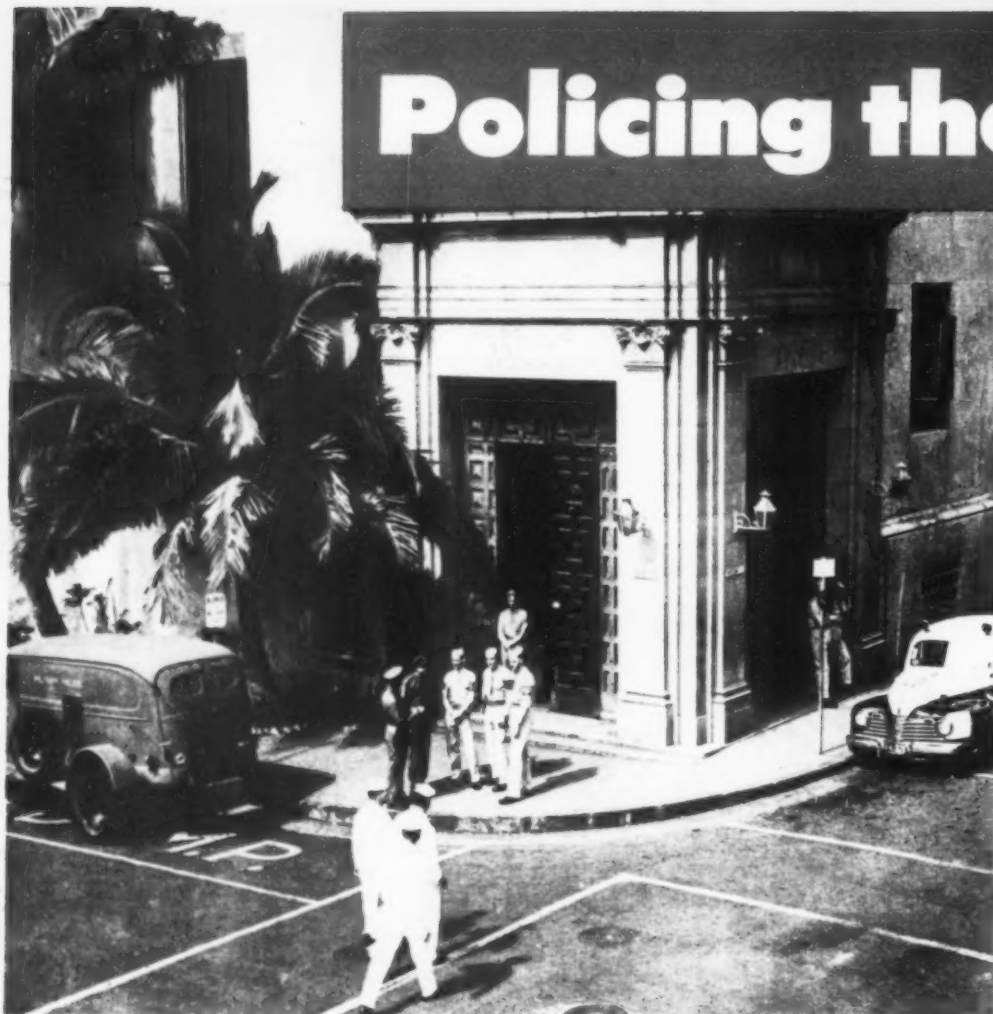
Louseous Japanicas

The first serious outbreak of this lice epidemic was officially noted on December 7, 1941, at Honolulu, T. H. To the Marine Corps, especially trained in combating this type of pestilence, was assigned the gigantic task of extermination. Extensive experiments on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and Saipan have shown that this louse inhabits coral atolls in the South Pacific, particularly pill boxes, palm trees, caves, swamps and jungles.



Flame throwers, mortars, grenades and bayonets have proven to be an effective remedy. But before a complete cure may be effected the origin of the plague, the breeding grounds around the Tokyo area, must be completely annihilated.

Policing the "ROCK"



MP and shore patrol men are on duty at Honolulu's police station. Few cities need such close cooperation between civil and military police and few departments are held in such high esteem

HONOLULU, crossroads of the Pacific, is one of the Allied world's finest examples of co-operation between civil and military authority. To keep "The Rock" in order, Navy shore patrolmen, Marine and Army MP's work in close harmony with Honolulu police.

Since the new Honolulu police station was first occupied in 1931, naval and military police have had their own offices and brigs in the same building. Training in the Honolulu police school has been given to hundreds of service men. Pictures on these pages show how these Marines are trained and how they work with civil police. What they learn on Oahu should prove valuable in the job of policing occupied areas of the Pacific.

East does meet West in Honolulu. Haoles (whites), native Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and Filipinos work together on the police force without discrimination. No race line is drawn in original assignments to cases, but it generally works out that persons involved will talk more freely in their own language to one of their own race. Of four stenographers in the detective division, three are Japanese, one Chinese.

Charlie Chan, famed fiction and movie detective, was created in Honolulu, where he has had two real-life prototypes on the police force. The original Charlie Chan was Chang Apana, a Chinaman who worked in the detective division. His successor, Chin Lee, was a Honolulu detective from 1930 until 1941.

Trust placed in many of Hawaii's Japanese-Americans is exemplified by Lieutenant Yoshio Hasegawa, graduate of the University of Hawaii, who is head of the police records bureau. The police



Sergeant Mottl, who had three years of experience in criminal investigation in Chicago before going to Honolulu, shows Marine MP's how he determined manner in which a murder victim died



The MP's come in for much training in Judo work under the watchful eyes of an expert

MP's and Shore Patrol units aid the hard-working Honolulu police in maintaining order on the "Rock" during war period

department has a division of country police and three substations, covering the entire island of Oahu.

No city in the States has had police problems to compare with Honolulu's since the blitz. Besides the blackouts, the curfew, alerts, overcrowded housing, the complications of heavy military traffic and inadequate roads, the thousands of service men who throng the city's streets on liberty every day, prostitution and other vice, Honolulu had martial law and a lot of aliens. A year before the blitz, Honolulu police organized an espionage squad to assist military authorities and the FBI in guarding against possible sabotage, and gathering information on Japanese, German and Italian aliens. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, Honolulu police worked with military police and FBI agents in an immediate roundup of all persons suspected of alien sympathies.

In July, 1941, 125 of Honolulu's leading citizens were organized into a reserve police force. These men reported for duty on December 7 and worked in daily 12-hour shifts until January 1 without pay. They still do, one day a week.

WHEN the blitz came, the San Jose (Cal.) State College football team was in Honolulu, waiting to play in the police benefit game the following week against the University of Hawaii. The game was never played, and six of the San Jose team joined the police force on December 8. There are fewer murders in Honolulu than in mainland cities of comparable size. The average number of armed robberies or store stickups is less than one a year.

Sexual relations present one of the toughest problems, since some racial elements, particularly the Filipinos, think nothing of beginning such relations at an age much earlier than the law allows. Juvenile crime is another police headache, and Honolulu has kids of eight, 10 and 12 years who can pull a professional job of burglary. Patrol cars and motorcycles, in which MP's usually accompany patrolmen, are equipped with radio, and the police department broadcasts all calls for MP's, SP's, and intelligence.

Volume of traffic on Oahu, with the thousands of military vehicles, is something that must be seen to be believed. Army and Navy personnel are responsible for at least half of the accidents, but the accident rate compares with that of an average mainland city. Outside downtown Honolulu, MP's are assigned by military authority in areas where traffic is predominantly military.

Honolulu police always notify MP's of accidents, in which service vehicles are involved, and the MP's send out their own investigators. Police never question a member of the armed forces unless a representative of the same branch of service is present. They never lock up a service man in the Honolulu jail. MP's are assigned with patrolmen on beats frequented by service men, like Waikiki and downtown Honolulu.

Before the war, naval and military police spent six weeks in the training school, but the course has been shortened to four weeks. Some MP's take more courses than others. What their training will mean when the US offensive rolls into Japan remains to be seen.

Thoroughly trained, smartly uniformed, intelligent and courteous, Honolulu police play an important part in the Pacific war. From them Marines have learned a lot about the racial tolerance and international amity needed for the peace to come.



Real-life prototype of famed Charlie Chan, Chin Lee, here talks with Police Chief W. A. Gabrielson. Lee was on the Honolulu force but is now in military work. Like Chan, he talks of many grandchildren



Lt. Yoshio Hasegawa, Jap of American ancestry, shows Army and Marine MP's police map of city



An Hawaiian girl, who danced hula in New York's Roosevelt Hotel, now collects the traffic fines



Investigating this accident, police and MP's spent more than an hour noting every possible bit of evidence which might be required later, even measured distances for a scale map of the scene

Street Fighting

The art of house-to-house fighting becomes a "must" for Marines as the war moves out of the jungles and coral atolls and into populated communities



Turn streets, lanes and parks into "killing zones" by setting up machine guns at their entrances. The object is to flush the enemy out of the houses and buildings and into the set-up lines of fire so they can be mowed down

FROM a study of house-to-house fighting techniques of the European war, from its own experiences in capturing populated places on Guam and Saipan and from its vast store of basic fighting know-how accumulated through the years, the Marine Corps, getting set for town fighting in the Pacific, has evolved these broad principles:

1. Lay down a heavy artillery barrage or bomb a town (or both) before entering. Sometimes it may be better not to level the town. A town reduced to rubble may provide better defensive positions than structures left standing.

2. Invade the town in straight parallel lines. Attacks from different directions would incur the risk of Marines firing at each other.

3. Attack a building from the rear, whenever possible. Back-yard trees, outhouses, other structures offer covering possibilities for men moving up. Furthermore, by a rear attack the enemy can be chased out of the front of the house into the street where machine guns can cut them down.

4. Attack a building of more than one story from top to bottom, whenever feasible. Men working their way down a building are in a better position than men fighting their way up. For one thing, it is easier to throw a hand grenade down into a room than up.

5. In attacking a street of houses from the front, units advance in single file down both sides of the street. The file on the left provides firing cover for the men on the right and vice versa. Do not attack houses on both sides of the street simultaneously.



Travel from roof-to-roof, when possible, in moving from one building to another. Usual routes mean risking the fire of snipers. Avoid the regular entrances — they may be mined

6. Surround the town, if possible, so that the enemy will have no avenue of escape.

The basic Marine Corps' fighting strategy which revolves around a four-man team, is adapted to house-to-house fighting. There are two men with M1s (the searching party) who enter the houses and a man with a BAR and his assistant (the covering party) who provide the firing protection.

Some of the fine points in Marine-executed house-to-house fighting:

Learn to fire the M1 from the hip so that it can be fired rapidly at unexpected close-in targets.

Do not use the bayonet normally — it is too unwieldy.

Throw grenades into a building before attempting to enter.

In entering a room, the two members of the searching party move hurriedly to diagonally opposite corners, on the alert to cover each other against lurking enemies.

In going up or down stairs, take as many steps at a time as possible — to minimize the danger of booby traps that might be set under each step.

Blast new openings through the sides of buildings with demolitions if normal entrances are likely to be heavily mined.

Shoot out the lock, if a door is locked. Fire a couple of shots through the walls on either side of the door to rout any defenders lurking there.

Before attacking a street eliminate any house or building which commands or dominates it.

If a town is on uneven ground, capture the highest terrain first.



After clearing a building of the enemy, leave behind a prearranged sign on the structure so that other Marine outfits coming forward will know that it has been secured. Coordination in street fighting is vitally important factor

TURN PAGE 41

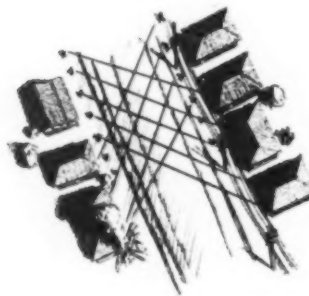
STREET FIGHTING (continued)



When the wind is blowing in right direction, send up smoke screens before moving on to the next building. Otherwise, from his fixed defensive positions, the enemy may have you at a great disadvantage



If the enemy turns a building into a fortified position, bring up your artillery to neutralize it. Tank-fired barrages also may be used with the most devastating effect. Do not risk the lives of men when fire power will serve the purpose



In moving down street the unit on each side provides firing cover for the other. Nix on simultaneous attacks on both sides

DESIGNATE a specific section for each attacking unit to take over. After this is done, the unit waits for regrouping. If counter-attacks are expected, houses are turned into defensive bastions as soon as they are taken. When a stairway is barricaded or is mined, clear the rooms on the lower floor first, then fire shots systematically through the ceiling toward the upper rooms. Use demolition charges to clear barricades and mines. Always attack in pairs, one man covering while the other is searching a room.



...ed.
...neously.



Unless you expect to make use of town later yourself, destroy the utility plants. It is the quickest and surest way of crippling a town. When you are defending a community protect its utilities at all times

IF A house has been entered from the ground floor and fighting has progressed to the upper floors, post one or two men on the ground floor to guard against surprise. If entrance has been made from the roof or upper floor windows, post men where they can pick off any defenders attempting to flee.

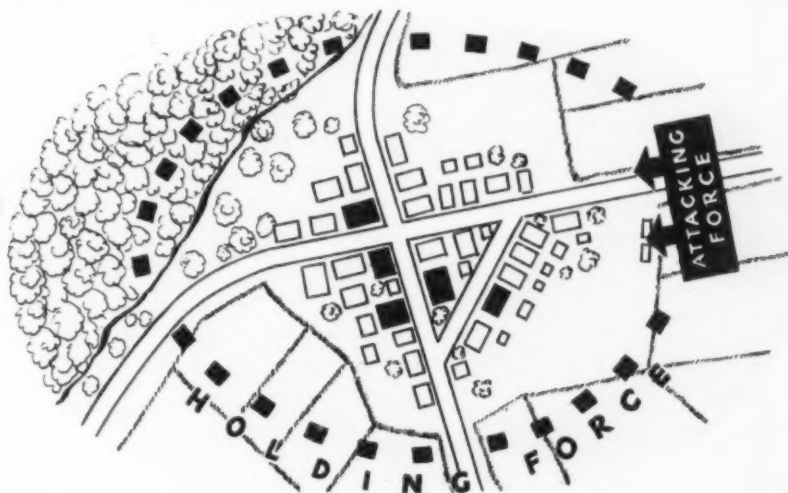
One of the two-man searching party throws a hand grenade into the room, then quickly hits the deck. The other rushes in as soon after the explosion as possible, standing with his back to the wall and his rifle at his hip, ready for instantaneous use. His buddy enters the room immediately after him and searches room thoroughly, missing no closets, corners or overturned furniture. Cellars and attics are not to be overlooked — they make good hiding places for snipers.

In defending a house, stretch chicken wire over openings so that the enemy can't throw hand grenades inside, but make slit in wire so that grenades may be dropped out on enemy.



Beware of a pretty picture in an enemy house — it may carry the face of quick death. It may very well be a booby-trap. The Japanese have a habit of wiring them to bookcases, cabinets, chairs, tables, sinks, vases and underneath steps

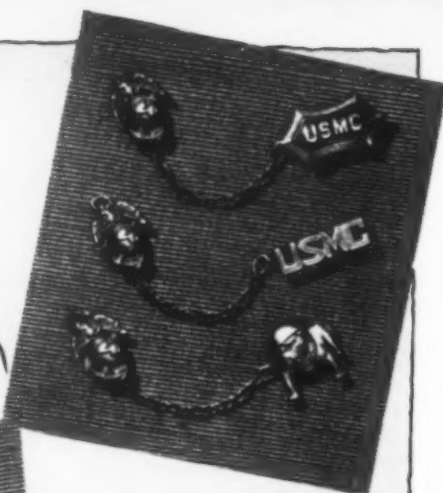
Study maps of a village or town closely before it is invaded. Know the contours of the streets, where best machine gun emplacements will be. When possible surround a town and lure the retreating enemy into a carefully-devised ambush



◆ A BAR man and his assistant provide covering fire for the searching party, composed of two M1-armed men. The four-man team is basis of Marine street fighting. No movement is planned without protecting fire for advancing men

END 43

which
If at

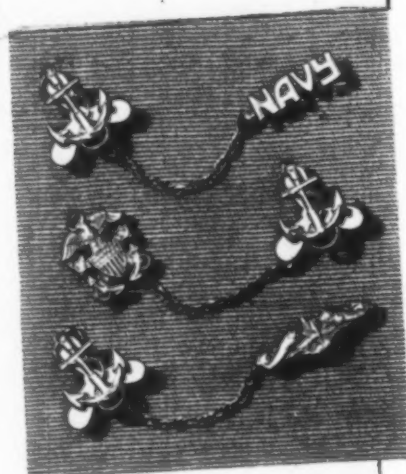


THE gift that says
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Frat Pin . . . now avail-
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of known quality and
value—it's your protec-
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merchandise.

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AMERICAN INSIGNIA COMPANY
160 VARICK STREET • NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



GYRENE GYNGLES

RED DEVIL SQUADRON

Hush, Little Nippo! Stop cater-
wauling.
Jump in your foxhole and turn out
the light.

Hark! From the eastwind your
fathers are calling;
The Red Devil Squadron is flying
tonight.

Hear in the heavens the drone of
their engines;
Over the palm trees they swing to
the right.

Pray to your honorable ancestors,
Nippo.
The Red Devil Squadron is flying
tonight.

Fast the Avengers slide down on
your bivouac.
The scream of their bombs turns
your yellow face white.

When you clasp the hands of your
honorable fathers,
Say, "The Red Devils were flying
tonight!"

MTSGT. ANDY HEATON

Pacific

DREAMER

Long Sergeant Langlade, sitting
'neath a tree,
Staring out upon the field the enemy
had fled—

Rather far from water for a Soldier
of the Sea;

Long Sergeant Langlade, sitting
'neath a tree,

Looking like a dreamer save for rifle
over knee.

Presently we reached him, and
found that he was dead,

Long Sergeant Langlade, sitting
'neath a tree,

Staring out upon the field the enemy
had fled.

MAJ. J. H. CULNAN

Topeka, Kansas

APOLOGY

. . . (I've been in the tropics, I
think too long
and my view on this matter's
objective and strong) . . .

Cecily, Emily, Nancy, and Sue
Although it's unpleasant, it's ter-
ribly true

Gwendolyn, Annabelle, Sally and
Jane

I know it's poor taste, but I must
make it plain.

Genevieve, Marilyn, Alice and
Ruth

Although it may pain you I must
tell the truth

I loved you it's true, each one
had her day

And I loved you quite well in my
own aimless way.

I swore my devotion and pledged
I'd be true

As long as I lived it would always
be you

No deed was too gallant, I lived for
your smiles

And though I perceived them I
flattered your wiles.

Of course when the end came as
ever it must

We wept for our love which was
ashes and dust

But we sadly agreed that our love
was unique

That never in history lived lovers
so sweet

But the truth of the matter, it
has to come out

All these loves were so similar they
leave me no doubt

I loved early and often, I saw and
I fell

I made myself love you not wisely
but well.

Because, now it's coming, I'm a
lover of love

And I saw in each fancy all heaven
above

So though you are many in the end
you are one

My true love, my first love, my
earth, moon, and sun

Each time I lost you I found you
again

And back to the fray went the eter-
nal swain

Now that I see this so sadly and
clear

If you think that I'm cured you
need have no fear

. . . (The next one I meet if she's
passingly fair

will be my true love unequalled
and rare) . . .

1ST LT. JOHN W. BERGLUND
Margate City, N. J.

PROMISE

When he comes home again I'll be
Consumed with curiosity
To know what happened on Sai-
pan—

The bitter fight in Garapan;
Were they the truth, the things I'd
read—

Were the streets full of hurt and
dead?

His tank was hit—how did he feel?
He used to dread the fight to kill.

Did he use knife and bayonet?
But I'll be mute, help him forget;

Stand on tiptoe and kiss his brow,
"Darling, the moon is lovely—
now."

MRS. LUCY MARTIN

Dallas, Texas

MY WIFE

The unsung heroes of this war
Are the women of men like me;
Not only mine but many more
We swore to protect 'til eternity.

They are building ships, planes,
tanks and guns;
Working like blazes for the war
to be won.

They care for our children, yours
and mine;

Each letter they write says,
"Everything's fine."

But, ne'er a word about their tough
life,

Those lonesome nights, the hard-
ship and strife,

Days of wondering, worrying and
waiting,

Hoping for a letter, they never
stop praying.

Yet it's we who will glory when war
is won;

But what about them and the
job they've done?

Will we forget? Not in a thousand
years;

The job they did through pain
and tears!

When we reach home we have but
one wish

Please, God, grant us the power
for this:

To make each day happier than the
one before

For our dear loving wives forever
more.

CORP. R. I. PITTINGER

Pacific

END

No curative power
is claimed for
PHILIP MORRIS . . .

BUT—
AN OUNCE
OF
PREVENTION
IS WORTH
A POUND
OF CURE!

PHILIP MORRIS is the cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette



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AT EASE:
NEWS OF THE
ENTERTAINMENT
WORLD

WORLD PREMIERE



A sign boosting the show was put up and here Miss Chronos calls attention to the ARC Club

KHAKI and blue denim, trucks and jeeps replaced top hats, tails and limousines at a world premiere—"Rhapsody In Blue." There were no celebrities. Stars were the Klieg lights, coconut logs the plush seats, and palm trees the pillars of civilization.

Here on an isolated island thousands of miles from city gaiety, weary Marines, Seabees and GIs saw the first public showing of a great composer's movie biography—thousands of miles from the crowded East Side New York streets where George Gershwin was reared.

This was the way Gershwin, who in his later years grew tired of public acclaim, might have wanted it. There was no celebration; the men took their pleasure where he would have wanted them to find it—in tuneful, expressive music.

His life on the screen unfolded in an open air theater by a little jungle-bordered club called "Katura," run by the American Red Cross. Present were two women and 2000 American enlisted men, most of them men of the First Marine Division who recently seized Peleliu from the Japs.

The men started seating themselves at 5:30 pm. A navy band was to play at 6:30, and the show was to go on at 7. They walked quietly to the board-covered coconut log benches and lined up, waited. There was not enough room for every man to sit. Late comers stood on each side, in the aisles and behind the rows of seats. Some sat in trucks, others stood on tops of vehicles, and two perched on a stepladder.

The evening's entertainment was announced over the theater's PA system by one of the two RedCross girls present, Miss Molly Creaghe of Auckland N. Z. There was no "mike" under a marquee; no "how glad I am to be here's"—at this great world premiere. There was no swishing of silk. The top hats, the tails, the silks and laces would have to wait. The lights must shine later. These were the men overseas.

It was another "movie" to them, and each had his own thoughts of home and movies they had seen back home.

It was a long show. The Gershwin music, played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, had its effect. There were no boos, no remarks—except an occasional cheer for the pretty girls, the Gershwin tunes. For two hours and 15 minutes these men may have been at home. But then the show was over. . . They went back to camp. Coral roads were filled with the walking—in khaki and blue denim. Trucks and jeeps were packed. Men hummed, some sang—"Rhapsody In Blue."

Stars winked silently; a gentle wind whipped the palms. It had been the greatest premiere . . . and the melody lingered. . .

BY SSGT. JAMES F. MOSER, JR.
USMC Combat Correspondent

SUSAN HAYWARD—opposite page
Our pin-up girl hails from Brooklyn,
is dark-haired and weighs about 115



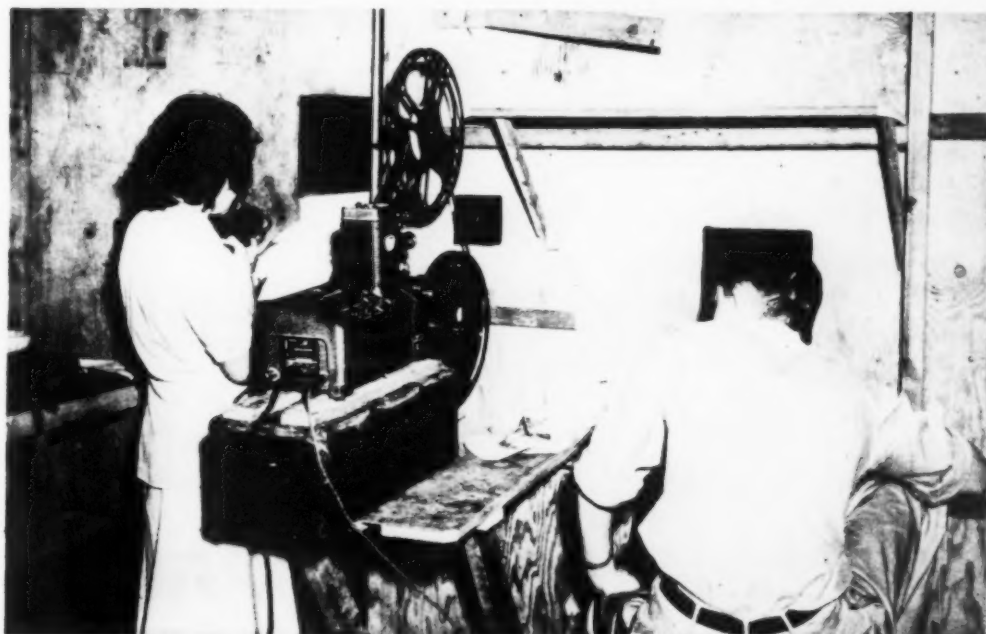
A band made up of navy personnel started "giving out" with long popular Gershwin tunes a half-hour before the start of the picture and made an immediate and big hit with the customers



Enlisted men sat on trucks and even a step ladder to watch the showing of the premiere



Miss Creaghe and her partner, Miss Marjorie Chronos of Okmulgee, Okla., took in the show



The evening's entertainment program was announced over the theater's public address system by Miss Molly Creaghe of Auckland, N. Z., one of the two Red Cross workers who were present

POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES



Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 5

Airlines Expect to Have Openings for Air-Cargo Personnel

Postwar expansion of the many airlines of the U.S., both domestic and international, is certain to mean numerous jobs for air forces personnel who are trained in handling, stowing and dispatching cargo.

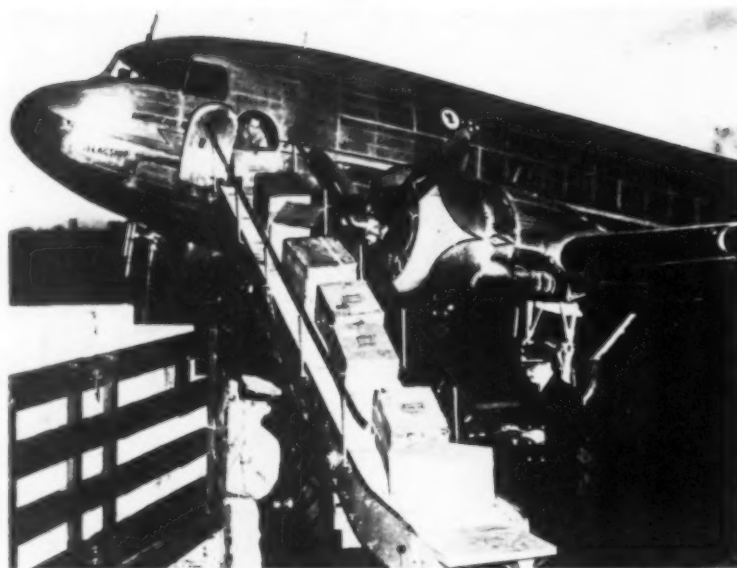
In fact, both the A.T.C. and N.A.T.S. have had considerably more experience with air freight on a volume basis than have the airlines. For this reason, the lines are especially interested in securing personnel from these organizations.

OPENINGS

In general, the airlines will have openings for three broad classifications:

1) **CARGO HANDLERS**—men skilled in stowing and tying down material so as to prevent shifting or vibration in rough air. Know-how in packaging assorted bulk articles to prevent spoilage or damage in transit is also valuable.

2) **OPERATIONS AGENTS**—



LOADING CARGO via automatic conveyor on an American Airlines "Airfreighter." An innovation in airline operation, these are the first planes to haul cargo exclusively, no passengers being carried.

personnel who know how to route cargo and direct loading and stowing operations, and who are responsible for over-all weight distribution of plane—gasoline, cargo, passengers, etc.

3) **SALES ENGINEERS**—Here, the airlines want men with previous experience in jobbing, shipping, and retailing.

For example, with some ad-

ditional training by the lines, a former produce man with air force experience would be able to go to a farmer and show him how to reach better markets and profits shipping by air. These men will be the salesmen and sales promotion experts. A knowledge of public relations or sales experience will be of assistance.

EXTENT OF POSTWAR FIELD

It may be said that the airlines and feeder lines will be of postwar importance to any industry where time is important; since time, rather than transportation, is what the airlines are really selling.

Any industry having items subject to rapid market fluctuations or of high depreciation, including perishables, will always be interested in saving time between producer and consumer.

ONLY THE BEGINNING

No one doubts that peace will bring a great expansion in this field—an expansion that will require trained cargo personnel from the air forces to sustain and help promote it.

The fifth in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcome, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address—Aviation Dept., Union Oil Company, Room 700C, 617 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT
UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

76

Men of the Corps



FENDLEY

FM Sgt. Sidney L. "Music" Fendley of Mobile, Ala., has seen both sea and land duty, having served aboard the heavy cruiser *New Orleans* and later with the Third Division. For a time he was a bodyguard for a chaplain on Guam where both he and the latter were wounded by shrapnel. "Music" joined the Corps in 1940 and took his boot camp training at San Diego.

PFC Lawrence E. "Gung Ho" Pilch, 25, of Milwaukee, Wis., has had 30 months of overseas action during which time he was in most of the hot spots in the Pacific, including Makin Island, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian. He joined the Corps in December, '41, became a Raider in February, '42, and later spent 30 days behind Jap lines on Guadal. He has served with both the First and Second Divisions.



PILCH



SULLIVAN

PFC Emery C. "Rebel" Sullivan, Jr., made his home at Charlotte, N. C., before entering the Corps in 1942. A BAR man, he was wounded on both the Saipan and Tinian operations. He went through Parris Island boot camp and later was attached to the Fourth Division, serving overseas with that outfit until returning to the States. "Rebel" is 23 years old.

Corp. Arthur D. "Doodler" Stanbery is 23 years old and comes from Greenville, Tenn., where he was a mortician. He served overseas with a balloon barrage outfit and when this was abandoned was put in charge of a salvage and reclamation unit attached to the Fifth Amphibious Corps. He trained at Parris Island in 1942. After the war the "Doodler" plans to return to the undertaking business.



STANBERY

Sketched from life by Sgt. Pat Denman



Shaving daily irritate your face?

HOW THIS SHAVE CREAM—
SPECIALLY MADE FOR DAILY SHAVING—
PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

Needs no brush—Not sticky or greasy

TWO SPECIAL PROBLEMS of men in service are the irritation that frequent shaving may have for a tender skin . . . and the nuisance of a wet shaving brush.

Glider, a rich, soothing cream, was developed especially to help solve these problems. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

Smooth, clean shaves in comfort

To use Glider, just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then smooth on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

At once, Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin, softens toughest whiskers *completely*. Your razor's sharp edge glides over your face . . . removes each whisker closely and cleanly at the skin line *without scraping or irritation*.

Your face feels smoother

Get Glider today. It saves time and fuss . . . and helps prevent the irritation that often comes from daily shaving. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest shaves you've ever had.



In tubes
or jars



WE-the Marines

Edited by Corp. Henry Felsen

Driver of this Pacific-style jeep is Corp. James L. Baird of Detroit, Mich., a former baseball player and motor company employee. Baird claims he never saw an ox before he drove this one. The ox says he never saw a Marine before, either, but added, "What the haul, boys, what the haul!"

Theory and Practice

An unarmed Marine unit training in cover and concealment received some material not on the schedule when a Jap got mixed up with the class.

PFC Rothell R. Bigham of Chester, S. C., was one of those assigned to conceal himself while others hunted for him. He snuggled down in a likely spot and waited. The first person to come along was a Jap, walking directly toward the spot where Bigham was concealed.

The Marine leaped up and decked the Jap with a hard right. The noise of the scuffle brought the others running to see what was going on. The Jap reached inside his shirt. He may have intended to scratch himself, but no one was taking chances.

The unarmed Marines gave him room as Corp. Edward Whalen of Sheephead Bay, N. Y., settled matters with his rifle. Class continued.

Patience Pays

Patience is a virtue whose reward can be your life. That was proved by Corp. Jack Gomez of San Francisco, Cal. A hidden Jap trying to destroy the Marine started heaving grenades at him.

Gomez found cover and lay low while four grenades exploded near him. Before making the fifth throw, the Jap peeked out of his hiding place to see what the situation was.

This was the moment for which Gomez had been waiting. As the Jap peeked, the Marine squeezed one off, nailing his man.

Bed Shot

Just because PFC Joseph J. Yunker of Hoboken, N. J., was wounded before he could fire a shot, he wasn't out of the battle. But he did get in his licks in a rather unusual way.

Yunker had been treated for his injury and was lying in a tent ward when the Japs attacked. He spotted a



sniper in a tree getting ready to open up against the hospital.

Ignoring painful wounds he had received that morning, Yunker raised himself up and got a rifle that another patient had left in the tent. Resting the rifle across his pillow, he aimed, squeezed one off, and toppled the sniper.

Biting Story

It's difficult for a Marine to get his teeth in the fighting if he loses his bridge in a foxhole or has his plate drop out at a crucial moment during a Banzai charge. That's why mobile dental units are found close to the front, where everything from an ordinary filling to oral surgery or new teeth is available quickly.

SSgt. Larry Schulenberg, a USMC combat correspondent, sends in a description of such a unit operated by Lt. (Dental Corps) Albert F. Mastrud of West Chicago, Ill., who served in France as a Marine in the last war.

The entire lab is mobile. Dental chairs, machines, tools, and a small casting furnace can be carried in half a dozen small boxes, and set up quickly when it is time to go to work. The quality of the work is equal to that which could be provided Stateside, and attention is paid to looks as well. By operating close to the front lines, Lt. Mastrud and his men have enabled Marines to stay on active duty and get their dental troubles taken care of as soon as they appeared.

Hercules, USMC

Members of the 1st Division are not reluctant in admitting they are a rugged outfit, and the Japs will be the first to attest to their power.

But the boys do think someone is over-estimating their physical abilities. A recent order concerning souvenirs that had to be turned in by these men included "all 40 mm anti-aircraft guns" taken from the Japs. The guns weigh approximately 3000 pounds each.

Visitor

It isn't often that front-line Marines watch someone else go past them toward Japan, and when it's a woman, there's apt to be some muttering among the boys in the back room.

WAC Sgt. Mary Scarborough of Asheville, N. C. is one of those women. Travelling with a group of 50 WACs on their way to duty on Leyte, Sgt. Mary was snapped by a Marine photographer on Peleliu as she stopped to look over some of the damage inflicted on the Japs in the Palaus.



WAC SGT. MARY SCARBOROUGH
By-poses Marines



A Coast Guard cameraman came across this pair on sandy Palaus. While the Marine catches up on sack time the pooch, recently with the Japs, tries his hand at being a watchdog for us

One Smith, One Jap

Corp. Dean Smith of Wellesville, N. Y., was deep in a heavy sleep at the bottom of a foxhole when he was roused by a noise. He opened his eyes and saw his buddy, Ray Smith of Whitesville, N. Y., get to his knees with a knife in his hand. A dead Jap lay at his feet.

"Hey," Corp. Smith demanded, "why didn't you wake me up?"

The other Smith shrugged. "Aw, there was only one Jap."

Still Tricky

In addition to new tricks which are being introduced into Pacific fighting by the enemy, the old ones are still to be found, and sometimes found effective.

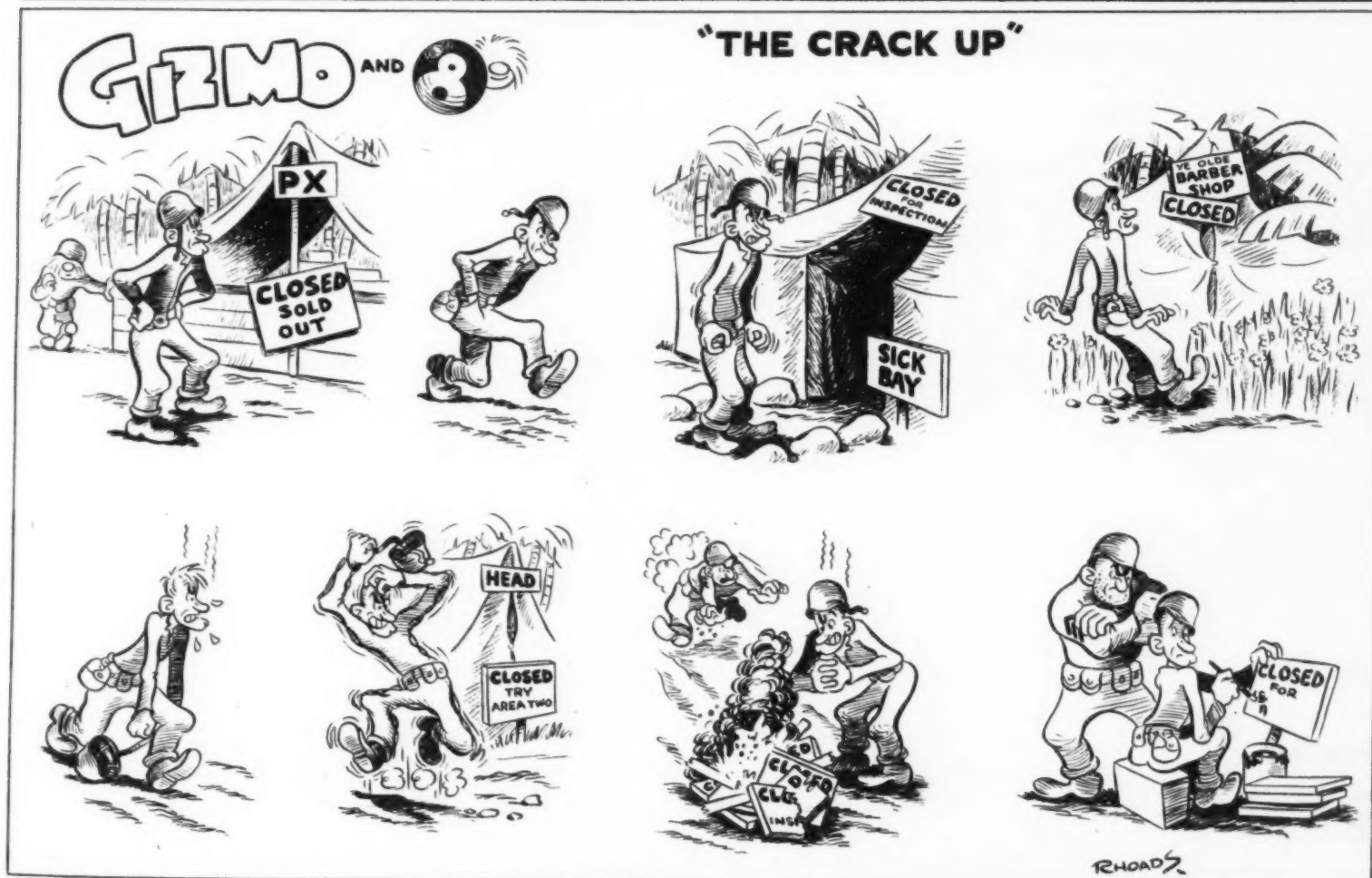
On Saipan, while fighting was taking place for "Fourth of July Hill," the Japs used one of their oldest tricks with a measure of success. Dressed in Marine uniforms, firing Marine rifles, and speaking perfect English, Jap snipers were able to kill four and wound 10 of our men before their ruse was discovered and they were wiped out.

Dehydrated Name

In combat areas everything is cut to the necessary minimum. Food is dehydrated, gear is streamlined, and, in one case at least, a Marine's name was shortened to a convenient size.

When this leatherneck is asked for his full name, he sounds off with, "Private Antonio Jose Maldonado Garcia Ruiz Rodriguez Pereira Quinones Nadal Mirabel Cardona Ache Melendez." But as far as the records are concerned, he is Pvt. Anthony Joseph Maldonado of New York, N. Y.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Slugger

Next time there is a raid by Jap planes, Marines serving with PFC George E. Benson, Jr., of **Dawson, Iowa**, are going to give him a baseball bat and use him for an anti-aircraft gun.

During a recent practice game with a 1st Marine Division regimental team, Benson hit a high foul over third base that traveled 15 miles, after scoring a direct hit on a plane.

The ball smashed through the windshield of a "grass-hopper" observation plane, knocking the pilot unconscious. The passenger, Corp. Robert J. Holm of **Iron River, Mich.**, who had never flown a plane before, reached for the controls and kept the plane in the air until the pilot came to and took over. Sgt. A. D. Hawkins, a USMC combat correspondent who sent in this story, doesn't say whether Benson asked the pilot to return the ball.



PFC GEORGE E. BENSON, JR.
Hits a real "fly" ball

Rugged Singer

During the Saipan operation, Judy Garland, movie actress, was shot directly between the eyes, but she kept on singing.

Starring in the first movie shown on the island after its capture, Judy was singing when a Jap machine gun opened up. When the Marines had silenced the intruder and turned their attention to the screen again, they found it had been riddled, and that Judy, with three bullet holes in her forehead, was still singing.

Unintended Slip

Every time there is a delay in the mail the wailing of disappointed Marines can be heard almost to Tokyo. And often mail in the Pacific is delayed for one reason or another. It is also inevitable, writes USMC combat correspondent George H. Mattie, that both the chaplain and the mail clerk bear the brunt of the gum beating.

That was why TSgt. David H. Brown of **Detroit, Mich.**, mimeographed the following message, which he handed to all who came in with a beef about the mail:

"Your sad story, your pathetic complaint, and your tribulations in general have broken my heart. I can-



not stand it any longer. Never in my life have I heard anything like your troubles. As proof of my deepest sympathies, I give you this chit which enables you to have one hour of condolence with the nearest chaplain."

One day as Brown was working, someone came in with the usual sad story. He handed the man a chit without looking up. Then he glanced up to see how the new man was taking it. The man was Navy Lt. W. Morgan Edwards of **Johnstown, Pa.**, the regimental chaplain.

Invasion Below

How a Marine invasion looks from the air is described graphically by Marine Major Louis Aronson of **Freeport, N. Y.**, who watched the initial assault on Guam from above.

"Just below me," said Major Aronson, "was the terrific clash of powerful arms. But from above, it didn't look like war. It was more like a moving picture. Everything was laid out in an orderly manner."

"From the ground, one gets the impression of confusion and chaos. From the air, the vast, orderly scheme is visible."

"Giant ships, pouring tons of shells into the island, left long white wakes on the blue sea and looked like painted toys on a painted sea. When landing craft put out from the orderly rows of transports, they took up positions in a carefully spaced, straight line."

"When the full force of naval gunfire began to fall on the island, spewing smoke and debris, it looked as though the whole island would be sunk."

"At the very last minute, naval shellfire stopped, and planes roared in to strafe the beach. At last, apparently orderly and untouched, the landing craft reached the beach. . . ."

Souvenir

A few minutes after Sgt. Hillman A. O'Quinn of **Birmingham, Ala.**, hit the beach, he was knocked out by a shell explosion. When he came to later, he was alone. And feeling himself for injuries, discovered



his dog tags were missing — probably blown off.

A day later O'Quinn caught up with his company. They stared at him as though he were a ghost. Then he found out why. His platoon leader fished in his pocket and said, "We killed a Jap a while ago with these souvenirs on him." With that he handed O'Quinn his dog tags which the Jap, thinking the Marine was dead, had cut from his neck as he lay on the beach unconscious the day before.



GENERAL LOUIS E. WOODS
Gives hard word on Japs

Knows the Enemy

"We just have to face the fact that for total victory we have to kill every Jap who carries a gun or a grenade."

Those are the words of a man who knows our enemy — Major General Louis E. Woods, commanding general of the 4th Marine Air Wing.

"The Jap mind," says General Woods, "recognizes no such term as surrender in its (Bushido) code. In spite of apparent rationed food and rationed ammunition, these Japs continue to shoot at our planes. They still put up a defense and muster a genuine spirit to fight. With them it's just not a defensive battle. They actually think they can win."

"This shows the working of Fascist propaganda. . . If these Japs who have had apparently no contact with their leaders and home land for so long a time and are lacking adequate supplies fight on so madly, what is to be expected of those Japs in and around the Jap mainland who are daily 'convinced' by propaganda of the righteousness of their cause and have supplies to support their belief?"

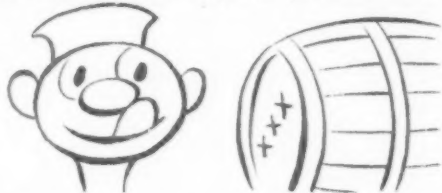


Marines show varied expressions as they watch newsreels of themselves in action. Still close to fighting, they see how they looked while storming ashore to wrest an island from the Japs

Deep Six

Boots at Camp Matthews are throwing live grenades in training, which points up the statement of four-time Navy Cross winner Col. Lewis B. Puller that Marines are winning their part of the war with "Blood, sweat and hand grenades." ... Pvt. George K. Begay, an Indian from Del Kon, Ariz., lost four-foot-long tresses when he got his first GI haircut. ... Chaplains are expecting an increase in personal visits soon, the reason being WRs who are becoming chaplains' assistants. ... The Marine detachment of the USS Texas, which was on hand during the invasion of France, defeated a British Royal Marine pistol team at Gibraltar, and a championship Army team in North Africa. Prior to the British match, none of the men had fired pistols since boot camp. ... The Japs claim to have a combination portable mess kit and stove that cooks rice while the soldier marches. Let them cook their own rice; we'll cook their goose. ... Stateside Marines have been ordered not to make speculative statements on the probable date of the end of the war, lest they tend to interfere with production of essential war materials.

Cool on naval transports say that Marines, man for man, at one-third more than soldiers or sailors. ... Naval vessels may now carry beer and ale for use of



the crews while ashore, but none may be sold or consumed aboard ship. ... Three new books on the Marines are out: Flying Leathernecks, by Capt. Richard G. Hubler and John A. Dechant; Combat Correspondent, by 2nd Lt. Jim Lucas, and The Leathernecks Come Through, by Lt. W. Wyeth Willard (ChC), USN. ... Average age of the 120 men who have won the Medal of Honor in this war is 32. Only 13 were under 24. ... Marines used amphibious tanks for the first time in 1924, during Panama Canal maneuvers. ... A California congressman is introducing legis-

lation calling for a four-star rank for the Commandant of the Marine Corps. ... OCS requirements have been lowered from two years of college to one year for vets who have had at least one year of service outside continental US.

When the Marines were organized in 1775, captains received \$30 a month, lieutenants \$20, sergeants \$8, and buck privates "six dollars and two-thirds." ... New featherweight boxing champ of the Central Pacific is PFC Don Donagan of Detroit, Mich. ... Lads familiar with Australia know that "Passengers in the outback will be uplifted by the next service" doesn't refer to religious activities, but that back country people will be picked up by the next plane. ... Marines wear 26 different types of headgear — each, we would



say, in at least 27 non-GI ways. ... A Marine sergeant was having a beer in Chicago when the bartender said, "A couple of guys are having an argument about that cross you're wearing. One says it's the Navy Cross, the other says it's a captured Iron Cross." The sergeant said modestly, "It's for sharpshooter, Parris Island." The barkeep returned to the civilians and said, in a loud whisper, "He said he was a sniper, out in the islands." ... PFC Aaron P. Hudson, flame-thrower operator, has written the mayor of his town asking the name be changed. Hudson is from Tokyo, Texas.

The average troop train journey in the US last year was 28 hours. Because of labor shortages, some crews have been on the same train without getting home for six months. ... A Marine at a New York bond rally sold his uniform for \$65,550. He appeared in civvies and auctioned it off piece by piece. Bids ranged from \$50 for a hat to \$50,000 for a Jap rifle. ... First to loop the loop in a seaplane was Lt. Col. Francis F. Evans, USMC, back in 1917. ... Marine pilots may soon be wearing "Zoot suits" in action. These are anti-blackout suits which are designed to keep pilots from blacking or greying out when pulling out of dives. Did you ever see a B-40? Not used now, they were B-17s that carried extra guns instead of bombs, and

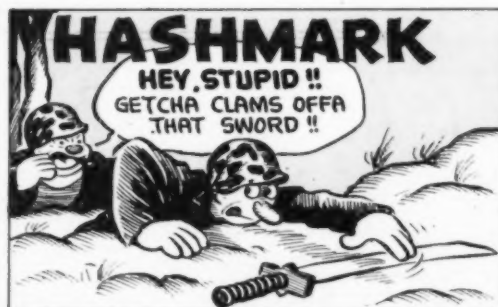
were used to protect bombers. ... SSgt. John T. Fitzgerald of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Corp. Samuel W. Edmondson, Jr., of Alexandria, Va., have been buddies serving together for 39 months, from Stateside to Pearl Harbor, Midway, Tulagi, Guadalcanal and back. Can you top that? ... November 20, the anniversary of Tarawa, was marked in New Zealand by many who remembered the Marines with deep and genuine affec-



tion. Papers carried hundreds of memorial notices from New Zealand friends and relatives. More than 1000 Marines were married there before leaving for the campaign in the Gilberts. ...

The first American flag to fly over Jap territory, carried ashore by Marines and sailors when Commodore Perry landed in Japan in 1853, was found recently in Philadelphia. ... Marines in the Pacific supplied blood for the first whole blood bank ever to be waterborne to a fighting front aboard a hospital ship. ... GySgt. Albert Smith of Washington, D. C., tells about the Marine who reported in from the hospital to the Duty NCO saying he was a survey. Asked what he was being surveyed for, the Marine answered, "I'm an optimist. When I asked the doctor at the hospital if I was getting a survey, he patted me on the shoulder and said, 'Son, you're an optimist.'" ... A news magazine tells of the two Marines who captured a Jap. Before turning him over to the authorities, they taught him some English. When the Jap was ushered in for questioning, his first words, in English, were: "Where do I stand in the rotation plan?" ... Capt. Gilbert Percy, USMCR, bailed out of his Corsair at 2000 feet. His chute failed to open and he hit in the ocean with full force. Coming up, he swam to shore. Although the fall almost broke him in half, he is walking and flying again.

TURN PAGE



Bond Buyers



PACIFIC PAYMASTERS
Keep an eye on the future

A good example of the way Marines overseas participated in the recent Sixth War Loan Drive is given by the above group, all in the Office of the Assistant Wing Paymaster, 2nd MAW, Marine Air Depot Squadron No. 1, FMF.

More than two years in the Pacific has convinced them that home will be a happier place for an ex-Marine if he has a satchel full of that good green stuff when he has to start paying his own way again.

In addition to their regular allotments, the men in the office signed up for an additional \$1250 worth of bonds during the drive. Comes the end of the war, and Marines like these will be trotting down to the bank singing "It All Comes Back To Me Now."

Parris Island — 1863

Those of you who were boots at PI will be interested to know what Parris Island was like in 1863, as described by a Yankee woman. She wrote, "A more charming spot than even Beaufort is Parris Island. Here stands a low-roofed house, but a few steps from where the surf beats against the shore; it stands in a garden filled with a wilderness of roses, and oranges, and tall oleanders: . . . and everything about it is so quiet, so cool, so shady, the constant murmur of the sea fills the air with so pleasant a dreaminess, that I thought hither one might come and live contented forever. . . ."



Sea-going members of the Marine detachment aboard the USS Baltimore take advantage of a stay in port to get together for the photographer. Commanding is Capt. Henry J. Woessner

Pork and Marines

Among the more athletic diversions on Ulithi, Western Carolines, writes Sgt. Claude R. Canup, combat correspondent, is that of tame pig hunting.

It started when natives on the island were transferred to another shortly after American occupation, and there was no time to round up pigs that were roaming around loose.

In their spare time the men in the Marine aircraft group go hunting the porkers, turning all captives over to their native owners. Which brings one more battle cry into the war:

"Soweeeeeeeee!"

Artistic Invasion

Watching Marine linemen stringing communication wires during the early part of an island invasion provided the inspiration for this painting by Coast Guard artist Sandor C. Klein of Buffalo, N. Y. And while we're on the subject, it's pretty well agreed that Marines have made something of an art out of amphibious warfare itself.



MARINE UP A TREE
Provides inspiration

Almost Perfect Strategy

The Jap strategy on Guam worked perfectly and according to plan, with only one exception, according to the way the Japs explained it to the natives.

"We have," boasted a Jap officer, "new strategy to defeat Americans now. First, we let American planes bomb Guam. Then we let American Marines land on Guam. Then we back up and draw them in trap. Then no more Marines."

This plan worked without a hitch until the Marines were drawn into the trap. Then came the exception. When the smoke cleared away, there were no more Japs.

Banter Badge

Seabees are a cocky lot who have taken to calling Marines "Junior Seabees" — probably in retaliation for the Marine crack, "Never hit a Seabee, his grandson may be a Marine."

Recently, in celebrating their third anniversary, Seabees of the Hawaiian Brigade Headquarters struck a medal conferring the rank of Junior Seabee upon Marines they felt had earned such recognition.

First recipient was PFC Daniel Krulick of Pittsburgh, Pa., a veteran of the Eniwetok campaign. Krulick, who was badly wounded, now is with an MP detachment overseas and hasn't been home in two years.

Presentation of the Junior Seabee medal was made by MM1c Ernest McCutcheon, 51, of Bushnell, Fla., an engineer and plantation owner who was a lieutenant in the Army Engineers attached to Marines at Chateau Thierry in the last war. McCutcheon was overseas 14 months in the last war, and has been over more than 30 months in this one, having seen duty at Ellis, Canton, Johnson and Saipan.



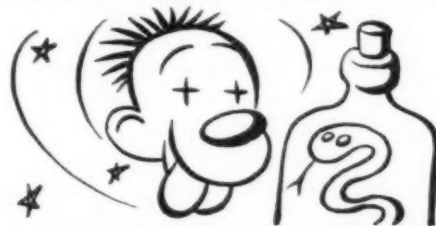
KRULICK AND McCUTCHEON
It's an honor

Leave It Corked

Marines who drink strange alcoholic mixtures not only are risking disability and possibly death, but also stand to lose normal disability benefits.

If you are poisoned or blinded as a result of a bout with some alcoholic liquid other than that manufactured strictly for imbibing, that damage is not considered as taking place in the line of duty, but as a result of your own misconduct, and neither death gratuities or disability payments will be made.

So the next time you are tempted to sample somebody's home-made version of low bush lightning, drink in the fresh air and the scenery instead.



So the next time you are tempted to sample somebody's home-made version of low bush lightning, drink in the fresh air and the scenery instead.

So the next time you are tempted to sample somebody's home-made version of low bush lightning, drink in the fresh air and the scenery instead.

Hep Japs

Some Japs are proving that they are hep to Marine jive, and a solid break is all that is needed to start them truckin' out of the boor 'ocks.

Marine Lt. William W. Wagner of La Porte City, Iowa, with an 11-man patrol and some hot recordings, has been rounding up Japs with a program that alternates between broadcasting "surrender-or-die" messages and swing recordings.

In four nights, six Japs gave in to the threat or the music. Any day it is expected that some Jap on his way to a prisoner compound will start crooning "Don't Fence Me In."

END

Clean Combatants

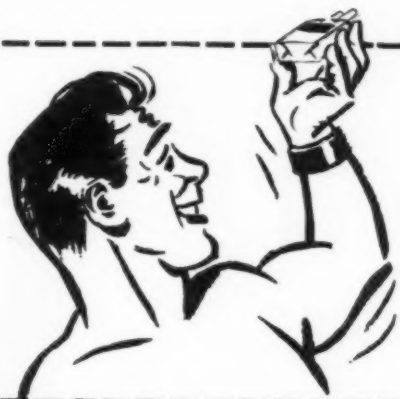
During the battle for Guam a Jap shell burst a water main near a Seabee encampment. Instead of being dismayed, the Seabees made a good thing out of it. A Chief tapped the water mains with pipes and valves found in abandoned farmhouses, a floor was built from Japanese and American shell cases, and before you could get the soap out of your eyes there was a 15-man shower for Seabees and Marines.

The only obstacle encountered was a Jap sniper who picked at the workmen from a nearby hill. The Seabees killed him as soon as they had completed the shower.

IQ Answers

- | | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (a) | 7. (c) | 13. (b) | 19. (c) |
| 2. (a) | 8. (b) | 14. (b) | 20. (b) |
| 3. (c) | 9. (b) | 15. (c) | 21. (c) |
| 4. (c) | 10. (a) | 16. (b) | 22. (a) |
| 5. (a) | 11. (c) | 17. (a) | 23. (b) |
| 6. (b) | 12. (a) | 18. (a) | 24. (c) |

Last time you were floored
by a cold...



You picked up a pack
of KOOLS

(*"What a wonderful lift!" you said*)

If you liked 'em so much
then—even with a raw throat...

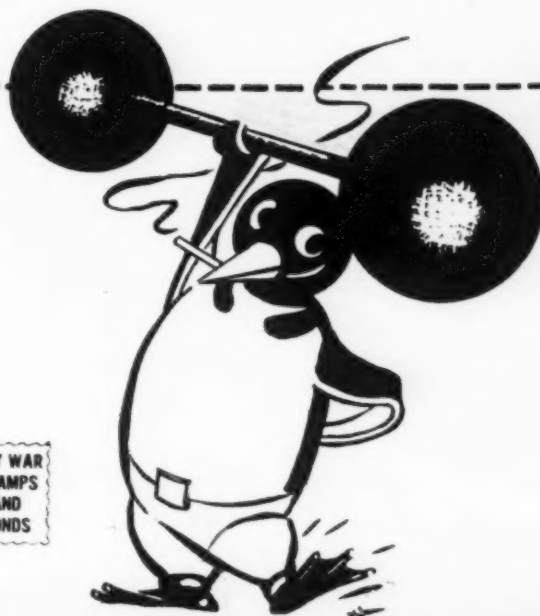


Don't be a dumb-bell... Why
not smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots"
to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS





U. S. Navy's Grumman Hellcats on Combat Patrol

Grumman

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

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Enlisted pilots were included among the Marine airmen who took on the Japs in the early days of fighting over the Philippines

Air Action at Leyte



The plane crashed and burst into flames and the night fighter pulled up behind the other Jap. He let go a long, steady blast

by SSgt. David Stick

USMC Combat Correspondent

THE moon glowed faintly above a Jap airstrip on southern Luzon as three planes slipped into the traffic circle and throttled down for a landing. The first two were Zeros, back from a mission over Leyte; the third was a Marine Hellcat night fighter.

The night fighter was using a trick as old as the low hills spread out below him. Flying alone, several hundred miles from his base on Leyte, he had spotted two Jap fighter planes approaching the Luzon airstrip. All of his senses warned him that the prudent thing would be to scam. Instead, he decided to try a brazen bluff.

The two Zeros continued to circle, waiting for a signal from the control tower; the Hellcat circled too, keeping a few hundred feet back of the Japs. Then dim flares came on around the airstrip and the tower flashed a white light to the incoming planes. The two Zero pilots switched on their landing lights and let down their wheels; the Hellcat pilot gunned his ship and opened fire on the Zero nearest him.

The plane crashed and burst into flames and the night fighter pulled up behind the other Jap. He let go a long, steady burst and the Zero hit the strip with a terrific impact, spewing fire in all directions as its gas tanks exploded.

The Hellcat held temporary control of the air over that particular section of southern Luzon, and he promptly took advantage of the situation. Back and forth he strafed, up one side and down the other, hitting installations on the airfield until there wasn't enough ammunition left in his guns to shoot a brace of sitting ducks on a cool winter day. The single engine sputtered, then caught up again, and the Marine, his gas supply running low, scooted south toward Leyte.

Later, as the pilot climbed out of his cockpit back at Leyte you wondered how he ever got inside there in the first place. He's six feet, four and one-half inches tall; a skinny, 195-pounder, with a thin face and a wide grin. He's TSgt. John W. Andre of Miami, Fla., one of the less than a dozen and a half enlisted pilots still on active duty in the Marine Corps.

At this writing Andre and his close buddy, TSgt. Francis A. Ratchford of Chicago, are the only Marine enlisted pilots in the Philippines. In his first three weeks there Ratchford was crediting with shooting down one Nip and sharing another kill with a fellow night fighter pilot. Andre, with a total of four Jap planes to his credit, had the highest score of any Marine pilot, day fighters included, in the Philippine campaign for that period.

THESE two enlisted Leathernecks are regular "Joes" from way back. Both are veteran Marines; both were on duty outside the United States when the war broke out, Andre aboard an aircraft carrier and Ratchford in Iceland. Big guys, currently sporting overgrown mustaches, they're now as inseparable as a pair of dice.

They met at Pensacola in November, 1943, near the completion of their flight training, and they've been together ever since. The team was almost broken up when they checked in at Cherry Point, N. C., in April, 1944, and were informed they'd been assigned to different night fighter squadrons. The officer who gave them this

news was a bit taken aback to see the two big guys, apparently far from pleased at the information, continue standing at rigid attention in front of his desk.

"Is there anything else on your minds?" the officer asked.

"Yes, sir," said Andre, "I'd like to put in for a transfer."

"But you just joined the outfit. You've only been here a couple of minutes."

"I know that, sir," he said, "but I'd like to change over to the 'Bat Eyes' with Ratchford."

THE transfer was quickly effected, and the two big guys have been "Bat Eye" regulars ever since. Their Hellcats were in the first flight of fighter planes to land on the captured airstrip on Peleliu Island, and after patrolling the night skies over the Palau group for better than two months they followed up by being among the first Marine planes to land in the Philippines.

Andre and Ratchford, both now 26, have been interested in aviation since their early teens. Andre was graduated from Holt, Ala., High School in 1938, spent one year at St. Bernard's College, Cullman, Ala., and followed that with a year at the University of Alabama, where he studied aeronautical engineering. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in August, 1940, applied for aviation, and was sent to the aviation machinist mate school at Jacksonville, Fla. He spent 18 months as a mechanic, and another year as an instructor in engineering and maintenance before going to Pensacola in the fall of 1943.

Ratchford attended McKinley High School in Washington, D. C., for two years and Fork Union Military Academy for one and enlisted in October, 1937. During the next five years he saw duty at Puerto Rico, Cuba and Iceland and was First Sergeant of a special weapons outfit when he transferred to aviation at Parris Island, S. C., in June, 1942.

"I had to take a bust to Buck Sergeant to get the transfer," he said, "and the first job they gave me after I joined aviation was serving as what we called a NAP—Naval Airplane Pusher, the guy who rolls the planes in and out of the hangars, gives them regular washings, and serves as flunkie in general."

Ratchford attended George Pre-Flight school, took his primary training at Grand Prairie, Tex., and got his wings at Pensacola in November, 1943. Both he and Andre were promoted to their present rank at that time.

The question most everybody asks these two is whether they want to be commissioned officers. The answer they invariably give is: "Maybe yes, maybe no." Both Andre and Ratchford are considering post-war careers in the Marine Corps. They realize that, as pilots, they'll probably be commissioned eventually, and if that's to be they also know the sooner they get the gold bars the better off they'll be in the long run. But the idea of leaving the enlisted ranks doesn't fill either of them with especial joy. On Leyte they live with two enlisted ground-crewmembers in a native-built nipa shack. They eat in the enlisted mess and spend their off moments playing with a baby monkey which Andre picked up on a recent expedition to the nearby island of Samar. Everything considered, they like it this way.

END

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cures your smoke

Yello-Bole Pipes are treated with real bee's honey. You can fill a new Yello-Bole with tobacco, light it, and enjoy a mild, pleasant, agreeable smoke, right away — then and there. There's no "breaking-in," as with some pipes. No period of "getting the newness out of it." Service men are being supplied with Yello-Boles first.

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL \$1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER \$2.50

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YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME



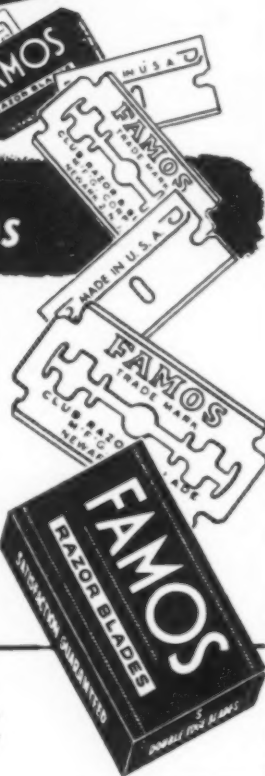
Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling when you're going to town? You'll look and feel even better . . . more refreshed, when you shave with FAMOS Blades.

These blades, single or double edge, are made from the finest quality steel, precision ground, and rigidly tested to insure complete shaving satisfaction.

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All 4 flavors in 25½ lb. or 4½ lb. containers — with directions lithographed on the metal in waterproof inks.

Peleliu Close-ups

CORPORAL WALTER LANG, JR., 22, of Charlestown, Mass., sprinted across the airport under mortar, artillery, machine gun and rifle fire. A bullet pierced his gas mask, in which he carried detonators. "A miss is as good as a mile," he gulped.

Weather is a favorite gripe. The boys beat their gums and cursed the eye-searing heat; and wished for the cloudbursts of Cape Gloucester. When it rained, they continued to beat them — for sunny weather.

The "Chicken" took his first shave on the island. Just turned 18, Private First Class Oscar L. Lawson of Kendallville, Ind., bagged three snipers the second day. He didn't exactly need a shave, but that peach fuzz on his face brought him up for good-natured razzing.

Only grandfather in the engineers is Corporal Ralph H. Streett of Columbus, Ohio, who refuses to commit himself beyond "past 40." "Pop" got himself a Nip the first day on the island, one of seven hidden in a cave.

D-Day was the twenty-second birthday of Corporal Robert B. Horton of Bridgeport, Conn. He didn't care for the Japs' "gifts."

On D plus one, scuttlebutt had it that Germany had surrendered unconditionally. Grunted a foxhole occupant, "Whyinell don't they tell the Japs, don't tell me!"

"Taint fair," says Private First Class Robert A. Makoutz, 18, of Milwaukee, Wis. He had wormed his way to a pillbox, under fire, and tossed a charge of explosive through the aperture. The Nips tossed it right back, and he had to scramble to safety.

Technical Sergeant Joseph R. Kvoriak, 24, of Cleveland, Ohio, picked up a Jap pistol and mused as to its accuracy. Ten minutes later he stopped a Nip who charged him from a cave. One shot, 30 feet; he's satisfied.

Add D Day birthday: Private First Class Gene Lamson who would have had 19 candles on his birthday cake if he had been at Home, Sweet Home, Fairfield, Idaho. His own gift: one Jap sniper.

"Keep down," warned Technical Sergeant Joseph "Big Joe" Gumola, 25, of Yukon, Pa., as his defense line came in for peppering by machine guns. "Big Joe" remained standing and a bullet clanked off his helmet. "Guess I'm too high," he growled. His altitude is 75 inches.

"The First Marine Division is annihilated," Radio Tokyo told us. "No Stateside, dammit," chirped a three-campaigner, "I'm annihilated."

Radio Tokyo undoubtedly lists as "sunk" the cruiser that was target of mortars. The latter were only half a mile or so short.

D plus five. Temperature: 110 (at least).

Corporal John F. Prisco, 29, of Bronx, N. Y.: "Howja like a can of beer?"

Party addressed: (groans).

(Prisco produces can of beer and offers it to buddy.)

Buddy: Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. . .

Prisco had cached the can with the engineer gear before shoving off.

Marine Corps Institute, take note: Some Nips use good old Anglo-Saxon words in swearing and the boys are at a disadvantage, because they know no choice bits in Jap. A primer reader would be helpful to spice dialogue at close quarters.

What's in a name? Peleliu became "Pellyoo"; Angaur became "Angora" and Ngesebus was recognized by a sneeze.

The island looked fine from the fantail of a going-away LST.

TSgt. BENJAMIN GOLDBERG
USMC Combat Correspondent



Atta-boy "handy" says...

"Nice going!"

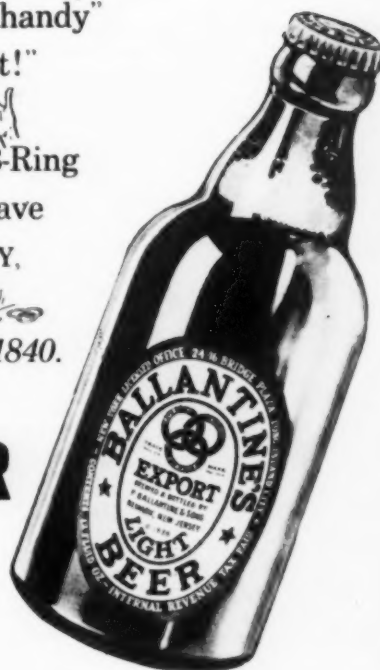


3-Ring "handy" says...

"BALLANTINE!"

There was no clatter of
tongues in caveman circles.
Man talked with his hands.
And we still do! Pal's "handy"
says "We're like that!"
Optimist's "handy" says "Here's hoping!"
3-Ring "handy" says "I'll have
Ballantine!" PURITY, BODY,
FLAVOR in every glass
America's finest since 1840.

BALLANTINE BEER



Combat to Camp



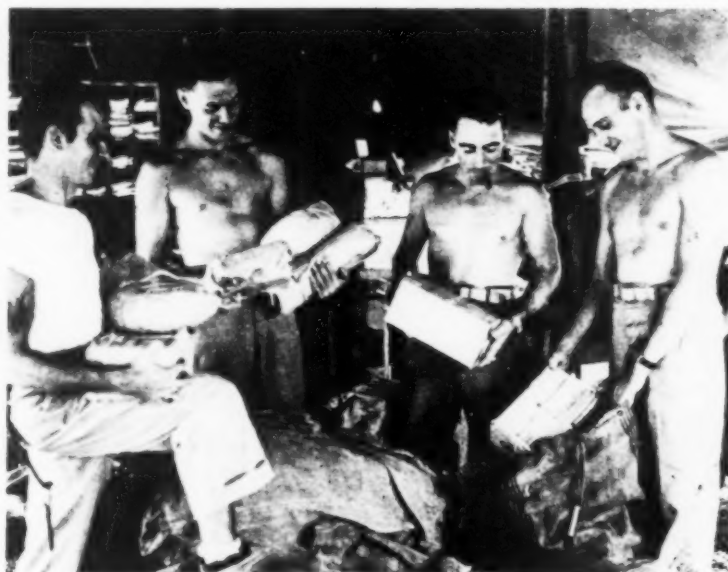
The opportunity to swap shelter halves and ponchoes for mattresses, cots and tents is grasped with alacrity by those just back from combat areas



A 55-gallon oil drum rigged up on the side of a tall tree provides the first shower for the returned men. It's a lot better than bathing in a helmet



It is plenty hard to "snow" a supply sergeant whether Stateside or out in combat. A few come up to survey field shoes beat up in fighting the Japs

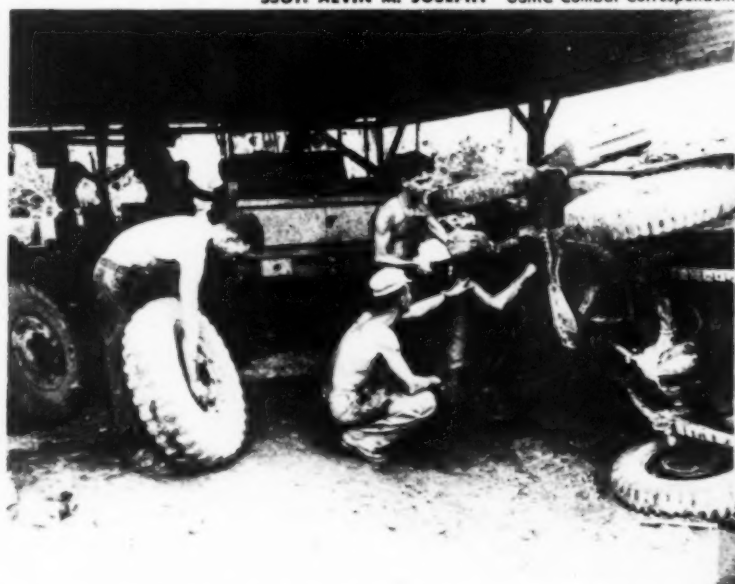


One of the big moments after a tour of combat is the arrival of the first packages from home. The distribution is like the usual Christmas stampede

AS THE offensive against the Japs speeds up, Marine units in the Pacific find the war becoming successive periods of bitter combat, alternated with short rests and preparation for new action. Consequently, in almost three years of Pacific campaigning, the Marines have learned to appreciate their between-combat periods of rest, even if they occur in wilderness camps. Tired of sleeping under enemy fire in the mud and rain, of eating cold rations, of washing out of shellholes and living and sleeping in dirty clothes, they hurry to indulge in all the comforts they may enjoy.

They use felled trees, together with scrap wood from ration boxes to make everything from sheltered messhalls to chairs and tables for their tents. Often it means the difference between mere existence and a more civilized way of living. Gradually, as the camp is established, they return to the standardized routine of the Marine Corps. There are the regular inspections and guard details; the prelude to the approach of a new period of training for an upcoming assault on the Japs. A new training schedule arrives and the men buckle down to the well known conditioning grind. The recently created camp will soon become just a temporary stopping place.

SSGT. ALVIN M. JOSEPHY USMC Combat Correspondent



Motor transport men find plenty of repair work waiting for them after battle. Trucks and jeeps take a bad beating from rough terrain and

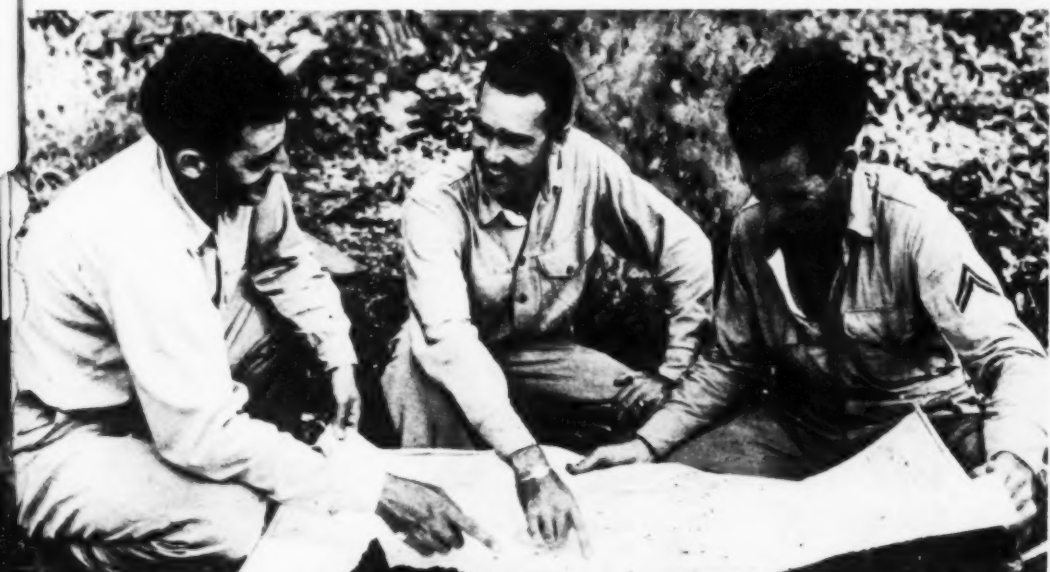
It's just a big round of fighting, building rest camps, drilling and preparing for more fighting, to troops on islands scattered over the Pacific



PFC Jesse S. Ivie of Dallas, Texas, hangs up to dry a trophy that rapidly is becoming common in the United States. Ivie, a veteran of Guadal and Guam, captured the flag during the latter battle



There is no question about a battle being over when the order goes out for troop and drill, clean khaki, daily inspections and guard details. Regular routine soon follows the end of any campaign



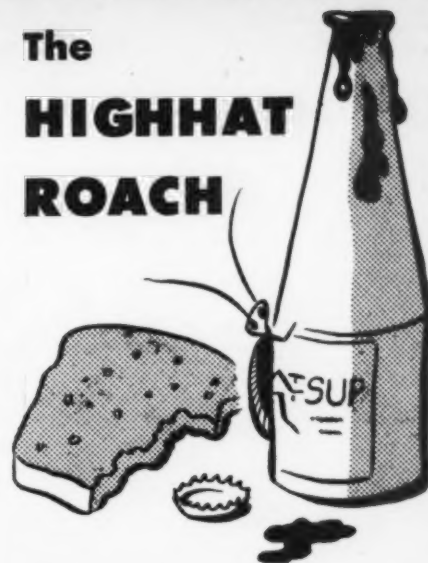
Once settled in camp, map

where the next drive may come. In this case

Points to geography all should learn about

END

The HIGHHAT ROACH



A LITTLE roach with dainty tread, upon the mess hall floor was gingerly attempting to negotiate the intervening distance between herself and the bench upon which I sat. It required no great knowledge of entomology to ascertain that she was of the opposite sex and very likely a lady of no small consequence in the cockroach kingdom.

Rather, it was obvious to anyone, even the uninitiated, that she was a blue blood of her particular species. Her bearing had a regal aspect, veritably demanding an audience and the proud poise of her was indicative of her conviction of the superiority that was her heritage. The grace with which she traversed the scrap-littered deck was beautiful to behold and her modesty was made doubly apparent by the way she would pause momentarily in the shadow of a scrap of bread or a partially masticated weiner to repair the ravages that the arduous journey made upon her toilet.

Slowly and by circuitous paths she made her way up the leg of the table upon which reposed the much advertised victuals which comprised the mid-day meal that I — and hundreds of my associates — had looked forward to during the slowly dragging hours of the morning work.

Airily she danced across the table top, warily peering at me from consecutive vantage points; first, a soggy apple, oozing in its putrefaction, no doubt shoved aside by some stalwart devil dog who had rebelled at gaining his calories from that source; then the fly-specked ketchup bottle, dismally displaying the age-dried contents which could be barely discerned through the greasy sides and finally the equally germ-encrusted vinegar jar with its inch-deep layer of concentrated algae and dead flies collected in the bottom.

With a sudden burst of confidence she traversed the remaining distance to my tray, raised her sleek little body on the rim and, antennae waving gracefully to and fro, inspected the contents of my mess gear. Looking up at me with a sympathetic countenance and deep pity in her eyes, she turned and stumbled blindly away when — crash! There she lay, her exquisite little body mangled and writhing in its death-throes from the mortal wounds I had inflicted with my helmet. My head bowed and crying in my slumgullion I was overcome with bitter remorse but no cockroach, not even a thoroughbred, was going to thumb its nose at food that I, lowly as I am, must force myself to eat or starve.

BY SGT. D. B. CHARLTON, SR.

Even faces
tender as his



feel wonderful
as his



after a cool,
cool Ingram
shave...



Product of Bristol Myers

INGRAM SHAVING CREAM

None of it Easy



THEY were shooting the breeze at the transient quarters. Some had their orders to go home, others were just coming out, on the last lap of their trip before reaching their stations. It was raining, a hard, driving, tropical rain, beating heavily against the tent, so that you almost had to yell in order to be heard.

There were Marine, Navy and Army pilots, aviation ground personnel, infantry specialists, men who manned defense guns, a quartermaster and even a paymaster. Some were waiting for a plane, others for a ship. All had a story to tell; a special gripe. It was a good night to listen with the rain beating down.

The Army pilot, a quiet, slim youth, who flew a B-24, spoke first. "I know we live a pretty clean and comparatively easy life compared to you boys in the infantry," he said. "But after a while it kind of gets you and you begin to wonder if you wouldn't be a darn sight better on the ground. After you've gone on about 30 missions, and you've seen a lot of your friends disappear, you begin to wonder whether you'll make it."

"Each mission you go on, you cross your fingers harder, and you think of the guys who aren't in the flight with you anymore, guys you went to school with, came overseas together. You come back with .30 calibre holes all over your plane, with one engine out, barely able to make a landing, and you look at the shell holes and figure if this one had been just a little bit closer, well..."

The Marine pilot was the rough and ready type. He had been at Guadalcanal where he had shot down a lot of Zeros. He was disgusted because he had been in the Central Pacific for almost a year, and had nothing to do but patrol duty. Marine aviation proved itself at Midway, at Guadalcanal, at Bougainville and at Rabaul. The Marine flyers worked with their buddies of the line. He said it looked like a punishment, having to sit on a rock a mile square doing the work no one else wants.

"Aviation is an important part of the Marine Corps," he said. "While our Leatherneck buddies storm the beaches, we want to be overhead, clearing the front for them. In our blood flows the same esprit de corps as that of the line Marines. No one except a Marine can understand the kinship and it is only right we fight with our 'brothers-in-arms.' I'd give anything for a little of that carrier duty to support Marine landing parties."

The Navy flier smiled. "You can have the carrier duty if you want it," he said. "Me, I want to go home, see the little woman, and see if I can forget the whole thing. You see, I had the action all right, a little too much of it, and had to bail out. I don't know what scared me most while floating around in that big Pacific... afraid the Japs would shoot or capture me, or getting chewed up by a shark. Boy, was I glad to see the ship that rescued me."

A TRANSPORT pilot spoke up. "All I do is push that old Douglass around day and night, carrying mail, engines, and more mail, while you guys get all the headlines and the glory. Course, nothing is ever said how we landed on these islands when they were fighting a short distance from the strip, dodging sniper bullets, and worrying whether we could get the plane off okay on a rough, short runway with a load of wounded aboard."

"I'm the guy who had to take these islands from the Japs so you could land your planes there," said the Marine infantryman. "You not only lose your friends in this business, but mere acquaintances, and men you were just beginning to know. When the old Higgins boat begins to make that traffic circle and head for the dark, green-covered shore, your stomach gets hard and tight as a drum and stays that way. And you lay in a foxhole, knee-deep in water and filth, wishing to God you had a tent or something to sleep under, fighting off mosquitoes at night, flies in the daytime, dengue, dysentery and malaria."

"You can't sleep at night, because you know sooner or later, those little monkeys will make one of their banzai attacks, screaming and yelling like maniacs, and when they leap in your foxhole, you'd better be ready, or else."

"And after you get through securing that island, they give you a few months rest in some God-forsaken hole, before getting ready to take another one from the Japs. All I want is to get into one of those nice, quiet defense battalion jobs. Get a lot of good books to read, see a picture show at night, sack in a couple of hours after lunch. Maybe get to fire at an enemy plane once in a while."

The defense man snorted: "Do you know what it's like to lay around on these rocks for nearly three years, just sitting and waiting? You get so you almost pray for a Jap plane so you can have something to do. You go around talking to yourself, seeing mirages. I'll trade places with you any time."

The quartermaster muttered, "I guess everyone thinks I have the soft spot. But not so long ago we worked day and night unloading our supplies and then one night Nip bombers came over and dropped eggs all over the place. They hit the quartermaster and ammo dumps. Hell, I dug a foxhole that night with my fingernails. And at Guam, we were setting up shop a little below Agat when a bunch of Japs calmly walked in and began shooting. There weren't many of us left to finish the job that day," he said.

They all glared at the eager-looking, rosy-cheeked youth, who had just come over from the States. "Don't look at me that way," he exclaimed. "I've been sitting at a desk in the Navy Department in Washington, D. C., for nearly two years, and for nearly two years I've been trying to get overseas... and finally, I got my orders."

"Desk, desk in the States," the youth said. "Those WAVES, WACs, Marines and government people are all waiting for you to death," the men shouted almost in unison. "Just lead us to it. We'll follow you." **END**

A Warm TURKISH BATH



THE little, fat sergeant at the Casual Barracks eyed him sharply as he handed him \$500 in cash—the rest of his money, about \$1500—he was leaving on the books. But Marine Technical Sergeant Sammy Merchant wanted the \$500 cash right in his pocket. Hell, hadn't he dreamed for more than two years how he'd walk around the fabulous city of San Francisco with his pockets full of folding money.

"Better watch your step, Mac," the first sergeant advised. "Lotta guys get knocked-off here on their first night."

"Don't worry, Top," Sam replied. "I'll watch my step, and be back at 8 A.M. sharp."

Sam walked over to the press shop adjoining the barracks. He sat around impatiently while the boys gave his greens an extra sharp razor-edge press with a triple crease on the sleeves. His stripes were new and a glaring red. He put on his greens almost reverently. How many times had he dreamed of this moment.

He stood up in the crowded bus as it left the island, and transferred to the train in a sort of daze. He felt as if he were in some sort of suspended animation as the train crept slowly across the bridge and into the city. He hailed a cab and told the driver to take him to a Turkish bath place. That was the first thing he had promised himself when he got back.

It was a luxurious place—soft carpets, solicitous attendants. The clean, hot water seemed to wash away everything—the dirt, the sand, the coral, the memories like a bad dream. Memories of the hot, little far away islands in the Gilberts, the Marshalls. The smells when they first landed, the sticky flies, dengue, dysentery, Jap bombs... working on plane engines under a hot, blazing sun. Saipan—more smells, dust, mud, snipers, mosquitoes, more K-rations; day after day, week after week, month after month—the same grind.

And now like magic—it was all coming off him under the cascading warm, steamy water. He was shedding it like last winter's coat. A masseur gave him a thorough rub-down. He felt springy and clean when it was over. He put his uniform back on, walked to the nearest uniform shop and bought himself some campaign ribbons.

Then he walked down Market Street still in a daze, taking in the sights... the little dinky street cars, smartly dressed women, all the myriad smells of the city. He walked into a drugstore and ordered a glass of milk. He looked at it a long time before he drank it. It was real, ice-cold honest-to-God milk—not the dehydrated stuff... something else he had dreamed about for a long time.

IT TASTED like nectar. He ordered another and another. The girl behind the fountain giggled, but he paid no attention. Now he felt clean inside as well as outside. Sam knew what the next step was. How many months had he planned this? How many times had he thought about it on the long days returning in the ship? Now he was going to call Marcia, the gorgeous red-head he had met before going over, almost two and a half years ago.

Something had clicked between them. He remembered the short week they had together. In fact, it was almost the only thing he had remembered. Walking all over Frisco, down by the wharves, into queer little smoke-filled joints, dancing at the Mark Hopkins, the St. Francis, riding around in the dinky little street cars. She had written him frequently—gay, humorous little notes delicately tinted with some kind of exotic perfume.

And now he was afraid to call her. He was afraid she would be gone, afraid someone would tell him: "Sorry, Marcia got married the other day to a sailor or a soldier." He walked into the sumptuous lobby of the St. Francis thronged with women and servicemen. He walked over to the booth, dropped a nickel in the slot and called her office.

His heart almost stopped beating when they told him they thought she had gone home, but after a brief pause they found her, and he heard them call her name. He stumbled around incoherently for a while. She seemed to be almost as excited as he was. "Oh, darling, I know the loveliest place to eat. We'll have big, juicy charcoal steaks, and then we'll start taking in the town."

Her voice sounded like some beautiful kind of ethereal music. He was really in a trance as he hung up. He walked to the cocktail lounge and ordered a glass of beer. They still had the same laws in Frisco about not serving anything stronger than beer to servicemen until after 5 P.M. Sam didn't mind that. The beer was good and cold and exhilarating. In about 20 minutes Marcia would be there. He looked at his watch. It was quarter of five. He had a momentary feeling of guilt. The boys, he thought, are now probably waiting their turn on the chow line with their tin cups rattling against their mess gear.

He ordered another beer. In a few minutes Marcia would be there, and she would be wearing a big, floppy hat, and he would get a whiff of that exotic perfume. What more could any man ask for? And tomorrow he could get another warm, Turkish bath.

SSgt. JERRY GORDON

USMC Combat Correspondent

Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than Reveille?

THIS IS perhaps a 6 to 5 bet in our book.

Because Reveille can be very annoying at times, especially if it happens you are dreaming that you are about to make time with a doll who has always given you the shoulder.

But, be that as it may, "pink tooth brush" is nothing to clap hands about either.



It is, in fact, a warning that things may be going on amongst your uppers and lowers which would not have the complete approval of a Board of Health.

It is a warning that you had better see the Dentist right away.

He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by soft modern foods. And he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

This advice is as good as money in the bank as far as chicks are concerned:

Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. Massaging a little extra Ipana

on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to a healthier firmness. And healthier gums help you to brighter, sounder teeth.

From brighter teeth you get a smile of considerably more candlepower.

And it is well known that many dolls are extremely partial to guys with high-powered smiles, often preferring them to characters with a great deal of cauliflower tucked away in banks around and about.



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Get started with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" today! You can get Vitalis at any PX.

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



Captain Paul Havens and friend

by Sgt. Robert H. Myers

THE corporal came swinging down the hall, nodded airily and most informally at a full colonel, and disappeared through Captain Paul Havens' door without bothering to knock. A moment later he bounced back into sight and headed up the hall, obviously trying to catch up with a good looking WR, of which the El Toro Air Base seems to have more than its share.

We didn't see the provocative corporal again until after noon chow, this time in Captain Havens' office. And where do you suppose the corporal had his feet? Right smack on the captain's desk.

Nor did the captain seem to think it unusual, or mind. He said to the corporal, "Syd, how would you like to have . . . a date." He meant with a girl, of course, and he really didn't say it just like that. But Syd, the corporal, understood perfectly, and immediately set up a terrific wolf howl. It was most unmilitary and certainly not very dignified in the presence of a superior officer.

"I'm afraid you are a wolf, Syd," Captain Havens went on. Syd offered no objections. In fact, he agreed and again set up that shrill wolf call of excitement. He even got up and danced around on top of the captain's desk. On his feet, mind you.

It was plainly apparent that Syd was no ordinary enlisted man. Any guy that could conduct himself as he did, and what's more, get away with it, was far out of the ordinary. We asked Captain Havens, after Syd had shoved off — probably to find out about that date — how come.

"Syd," he replied, "is quite a guy. He earned his stripes the hard way, and after all those years overseas we let him do pretty much as he pleases now that he's on Stateside duty."

Havens reached on his desk and pulled out the corporal's record book. One entry of commendation showed that at Munda on 14-15 September, 1943, Syd had stood guard at outpost No. 13, on top of a foxhole at Tent 32, "continuously under heavy bombardment from the enemy and refused to take cover or desert his post."

ANOTHER time he served as a sort of guinea pig, swallowing solutions ranging from "tetrachloride to epsom salts" in a medical experiment which the notation said "may have been responsible for saving many Allied lives." Major William K. Snyder, then the CO of Syd's outfit, signed the commendation.

As for action, be it known that Syd — you'd never believe it, but his real name is Sydney Australia — has seen plenty of it. He has more than 100 hours of flight time in combat zones, 20 hours of which was actual combat flying time.

Once, said the record book, Syd flew as a co-pilot ("oddly enough, he flew dual from the baggage compartment") on a strafing mission with his Second Wing's squadron from Guadalcanal, and a large Jap barge was sighted. Syd, and the other co-pilot, of course, made three runs on it and set it afire.

Just then Syd sauntered back into the office and Captain Havens repeated, "How would you like to have a . . . date," or words to that effect, only more to the point, and once again old Syd let loose with that wolf howl. Captain Havens grinned and resumed reading Syd's record book, of which all of Squadron 474 are inordinately proud. Syd's deep brown eyes dropped with modesty at the recital.

The medical record bore the customary statement that "I hereby certify I have never been subject to fainting spells or fits, or a victim of bed wetting." Syd had affixed his printed signature to that. Havens went back to the commendation.

"During PFC (this was before Syd made corporal) Sydney Australia's entire tour of duty at Munda Point, New Georgia, and the British Solomons, he never once bit a member of his command . . . dogfaces and swabbies excepted.

"In addition," the commendation concluded, very seriously, 'Sydney is a damn good dog.'"

END



1ST Sgt.'s Nightmare

Facsimile cardboard bayonet suspended from ceiling over Kipp's desk serves as a gentle reminder of fate that might befall him

ANY headquarters company is a headache, but the one at H & S Battalion, Fleet Marine Forces, Pacific, is a first sergeant's wide-awake nightmare. Take nearly 1000 officers and men, 20 more lieutenants than privates, three generals, a 14-page muster roll, 100 transfers a month... wrap 'em up together and you've got Hq Co., H&S Bn, FMF Pac. Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith is top-ranking Marine in the outfit, but he's not half as much trouble to the company office as some of the others who are continually flying to and from various Marine posts and battlefields throughout the Pacific, and Stateside as well.

In fact, it's not at all unusual to find a set of orders for special temporary duty for an officer in the company office before he had returned from his previous assignment. Capt. Robert Irwin, a graying Suffield, Conn., man who was with French and American air forces in France during World War I, is the commanding officer. But the man "on the spot" in the company office is First Sergeant John D. Kipp.

Kipp is a lean-faced individual from Portland, Ore., with 12 years in the Corps, but he's no old-timer at the first sergeant business. He was graduated from the west coast first sergeant's school less than two years ago, came to FMF from a tour of combat duty as "top" with a battalion in the 14th Marines. Prior to that he put in a long cruise in Asiatic waters on the *USS Augusta*, did duty at Bremerton Navy Yard and Samoa.

Symbolic of Kipp's multitude of tribulations as "housemother" to the largest and most widely assorted contingent of Marines overseas is the facsimile cardboard bayonet suspended from the ceiling over his desk. It's the gift of Kipp's staff.

The only concession the Corps has made to the administrative problems of running a company of such size is authorization of two muster roll and two payroll clerks. These four, with the "top" and his chief clerk, run the company office.

The chief clerk, PFC Eddie Reuben, luckily has had quite a bit of clerical experience and, once, was an acting first sergeant of a forming company in the States. A gnome-like character from Pittsburgh, Reuben is a regular jack-in-the-box who whistles while he works, which is practically all the time.

NONE of the other four company clerks had previous experience at their jobs. The giant muster is the chore of Sgt. Hadley H. Laming of Bolckow, Mo., and PFC Alden M. Oyen of Baltic, S. D. An average of 100 transfers a month, plus scores of temporary duty arrivals and departures, comprise their daily worry.

The payroll, which runs between \$18,000 and \$20,000 every two weeks, is kept straight by PFC Gilbert F. McCabe of Richmond, Va., and Pvt. Charles G. Clough of Denver, Colo.

The property side of the company operation is the charge of PlSgt. H. J. Muehlendorf of New Orleans, the company police and property sergeant. With two assistants, it's his chore to keep a watchful eye on \$10,000 worth of company property floating around, find billeting for the company's come-and-go population, and handle housekeeping problems such as linen and laundry. And down in the mess hall, SSgt. Stanley A. Esping of Geneva, Ill., has a staff NCO mess larger than many a company mess, plus a proportionately large general mess.

Fluctuating with campaigns, continually increasing in size, the company is a man's sized job for Kipp and his aides. But the "top" sees his revenge coming, some day when the war's over and he's tilting a long one in some staff NCO club. A glint grows in Kipp's eye when he thinks about it.

"Someday, somewhere," he says, "a first sergeant of an ordinary line company is going to set down his beer, look at me and say: 'You should have seen MY company for a fouled up outfit.'"

"Then," says Kipp, with a deep satisfaction, "I'm going to draw a deep breath and really give that baby the word!"

BY SGT. BOB DAVIS
USMC Combat Correspondent

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SAIPAN, D+200



Orderly tent areas have sprung up along with other units that usually go to make up a Marine encampment. These include repair shops, post

exchanges and chapels. Roads have been laid out and white coral sand hauled in from the hills to provide bases for streets and tent decks



Garapan, administrative hub of the island chain, remains a ghost city. Debris has been cleaned up, but the blasted buildings are still standing

ONE would scarcely know today, the old coral and mud area that was Saipan the day that Marines of the Second and Fourth Divisions smashed ashore to take that strongly fortified base in the Marianas away from its Japanese defenders, and give us a spot from which B-29s could rain death and destruction down on the Nipponese ranging from one end of the Emperor's kingdom to the other. Not long after the island had been secured, some members of these two divisions were sent Stateside for a well-earned rest. To show what has been done to make this island a fit place for men to live on, we offer the accompanying pictures.

Photos by SSgt. Andy Knight
SSgt. STANFORD L. OPOTOWSKY
USMC Combat Correspondent



Super-highways capable of carrying heavy traffic have replaced many of the original narrow muddy roads that became impassable after a rain

Living in foxholes and under shelter halves is a "thing of the past" on blasted Saipan after all hands turned to on new camps, PXs and chapels



The isle has beauty, now that it can be noticed, but patrols still hunt Japs hiding out in caves

Traffic is so heavy on some routes that MPs are needed and stop signs have been installed



Fishing, a principal source of food for the islanders, again is occupying many of the natives. These two are seining live bait from a rain-made lake to be used later when seeking a dinner.



Saipan boasts its own radio station, too, with a former 'Frisco announcer giving the chatter

The cemeteries, with their row on row of neatly marked graves, present a grim and tragic picture of the price paid for the shell-ripped island, but one not lacking in serenity and dignity

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"Now take Guadalcanal...." says the pot-bellied Gunny

Toughest Battles

THE scene is a slop-chute at a China station. The time is a few years after the current war has ended. Four veteran Marine NCO's are shooting the breeze over their brews. "I tell you" rumbles the pot-bellied gunnery sergeant, "that the ruggedest damn campaign of the whole war was Guadalcanal, good old Guadalcanal. I landed there with the First Division, and I still say it was tougher than Cape Gloucester or Pelelieu."

"Nuts," cuts in the bald-headed top sergeant on his left. "The toughest thing the Marines ever ran up against was what the Second Division stumbled into on Tarawa. I'll never forget..."

The sad looking platoon sergeant banged a scarred fist on the table, rattling the cans of beer.

"Ah suppose you souvenir hunters figger we was on a Sunday school picnic when the Thud Division hit Bougainville," he drawled.

"You gentlemen are all incorrect," intoned the handsome buck sergeant. "I think I can say without fear of successful contradiction that the Fourth Marine Division on Saipan encountered the most difficult going any Marine unit experienced in the war."

"Well, if you're so damned sure of it, then you're entitled to buy the next round of brews," snarled the gunny. "In fact, I'll accept a drink off of anybody who thinks he had it tougher than we did on the 'Canal. Did I ever tell you about..."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" shouted the other three, drowning him out.

That's the way the conversation might go at any Marine post after the war. The Marines will have done a lot of fighting by the time this thing is over. When it ends they will have a lot to talk about, and one of their favorite arguments, no doubt, is going to be over the question of which was the toughest campaign of the war.

The real-life arguments, like that among our imaginary NCO's, will probably lead nowhere. They won't ever be settled to everybody's satisfaction, for there will be as many different opinions as there were battles fought by Marines. And men who participated in the same campaigns will disagree on which was the toughest.

However, it will be a fascinating, never-ending topic for post-war bull sessions, and each man kicking the subject around in a slop-chute somewhere or other will have plenty of good reasons to back up his own particular argument.

There's never been much question that Belleau Wood was the toughest single battle fought by Marines in World War I. But, at this stage of the game, at least, you can't come right out and slap the label "toughest" on any one campaign of World War II.

One reason is that all of them haven't been fought yet. Another is that outfits that have taken different islands or groups of islands in the Pacific will each swear that they had a more rugged time of it than any other outfit.

For instance, the First Marine Division might declare that Pelelieu, in the Palaus, was the hardest battle ever fought in the Pacific, though some of that outfit undoubtedly will hold out for Cape Gloucester, or Guadalcanal, which they look upon as a sort of private foo-soo.

A great many men in the Second Marine Division will tell you that there never was anything like Tarawa for unadulterated savagery. Others in the Second will claim that Saipan-Tinian, in the Marianas, was tougher than Tarawa, while a few die-hards will still vote for Guadalcanal.

Members of the Third Division no doubt will be torn between Bougainville and Guam, unable to decide among themselves which was the tougher of the two, while asserting that both were more harrowing than anything experienced by any other unit.

There may be a few men in the Fourth who will swear that the Marshalls campaign was their hardest. But most of them likely will say that the Marianas operation, including Saipan and Tinian, was worse.

It would seem that the going gets progressively tougher as we drive closer and closer to the heart of the Japanese empire, and that it may be the final battle to sink the Rising Sun will be considered the grand-daddy of 'em all, as far as Marines are concerned.

BY TSGT. MASON C. BRUNSON, JR.
USMC Combat Correspondent

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For the fighting man whose time, were it not for the war, might be much more occupied with the investment of his funds; but who finds it difficult to obtain the definite information he wants about certain securities and who, perhaps, believes that the bars of distance are too great, the nationwide investment house of Merrill Lynch Pierce, Fenner & Beane sometime ago established a special Servicemen's Department.

Serving as Investment HQ for servicemen all over the world, and also for civilian technicians assigned to overseas military installations, M L, P, F & B has effectively functioned as dispatcher of the precise information that's wanted . . . a service that is available without cost or obligation. Many in our Armed Forces (and those of our Allies as well) have already taken advantage of it to ask their individual questions; to pose their particular problems. All have received replies via airmail.

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Questions . . . and Answers

Servicemen who are well-versed in investment practices, or those who wish to learn something of them, will find that M L, P, F & B's recently prepared booklet, "Service for Servicemen", clearly answers investment questions that directly concern men in uniform.

Typical questions answered by "Service for Servicemen" are: "What is a Cash Account?", "How do I open an account?", "May I open an account jointly with my wife?", and "What commission do I pay?". In addition, investment nomenclature is simplified for all—and the facilities which M L, P, F & B provides for Officers and Enlisted Men overseas and in the interior zone are detailed.

"Service for Servicemen" will be sent promptly and without obligation to any member of the Armed Forces requesting it—write to Servicemen's Department, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, 70 Pine St., New York 5, N. Y., U. S. A. for your copy.

Marine Nobody Knew

THIS is the story of the Marine that nobody knew. It's the story of Private Norman Arsenault of Lawrence, Mass., who knew one moment of heroic greatness before Japanese bullets cut him down while he waded, hip-deep in reef waters, off Saipan's shores, July 8, 1944.

Private Arsenault never had known warfare before he came to the Marianas on June 15. One reason was that he didn't reach his eighteenth birthday until last May and wasn't sent overseas until shortly after Tarawa.

Young, medium-sized Arsenault looked older than his 18 years, yet it was probably because of youthful shyness that he wasn't much of a mixer. He did not smoke, nor did he curse. His buddies can recall little about him before that vivid afternoon when he gave his own life saving theirs.

Several times, they say, they had wondered whether his heart was in this grim business of carrying the fight to the Japs, because, while he did his job and did it well, he seldom extended himself. Now they think he must have been saving himself for just exactly the kind of a situation that developed: a situation they'll never forget just as they'll never forget Private Arsenault as long as they live.

The Jap was in a corner. The Marine advance up Saipan's western coast from Tanapag Harbor to Mount Marpi was moving inexorably to a conclusion. Arsenault and the Second Marine Regiment's Third Battalion, suddenly executed a flanking movement; the plan—to sweep toward the sea and over the cliffs between Kaberra Pass and the ocean, then north again.

The Third Battalion drove down to the water's edge. Then it reformed its lines, but while this was being done, Japanese pockets, dug in the caves abreast the shore, had to be cleaned out.

Arsenault's platoon was ordered to go to work on a length of the coast that looked like an inverted capital "L." About six yards of crumbled limestone boulders separated a seven-foot cliff from the sea. His platoon scrambled over the cliff-face, dropping to the boulders.

Too late they saw that a deep crevice in the face of the tiny cliff was teeming with Japs, prone on their bellies, who opened up with one of the most murderous rifle and machine gun barrages the outfit yet had met.

Arsenault was on the extreme left flank. He, too, was pinned down amongst the boulders. Jap bullets splattered limestone chunks down onto their helmets, sending up a tinny noise that sounded like somebody emptying a trash can into a wagon.

BECAUSE most of the outfit were machine gunners, who had been ordered to arm with carbines for the mopup, there wasn't a heavy weapon in the crowd. For 15 minutes, the Japs peppered every Marine who attempted to move. There apparently was nothing anybody could do about it until young Arsenault reached his decision.

From his place on the left, he bounded to his feet, carbine gripped tightly in his hands. Instead of making a dash to try for the safety atop the cliff, Private Arsenault ran speedily to the rear, striding some 20 yards out into the reef-water.

When he had gone as far as he wished, he reversed himself, facing the Japs in the caves and began to pump carbine bullets into the crevice. More than 50 enemy guns quickly were turned on him.

Nobody knows what saved him in those first few moments when hundreds of enemy bullets were zinging toward him, some rippling the water as they lashed into the surf in front of him. But he continued to fire until his ammunition was exhausted.

While the youngster was keeping the Japs so occupied, almost half of his platoon scrambled from their positions behind the boulders and dashed to safety atop the cliff. But in this position they were powerless to help Arsenault.

Out of ammunition, he sloshed through the water back to buddies still hoping to get out from under the gunfire, borrowed as many ammunition clips as he could, and went back to take up where he had left off.

Again the Japs tried to pinpoint him in their murderous fire. But he kept firing his carbine almost as fast as an automatic weapon until his platoon had been completely evacuated from in front of the cliff. A sergeant ordered him to come in out of the water, to try and make it up the cliff himself.

Arsenault laughed merrily, emptied another clip into the crevice and then started back. He had just taken his fourth step when they saw him stiffen; then saw the bullet wound in his head. He slumped slowly into the water until his buddies saw him disappear beneath the surface.

That night Private Arsenault was avenged. His platoon set up a line about 100 yards from the cliff, knowing the Japs would come up rather than face dynamite and other demolition extermination the next morning. With plenty of mortar illumination, the platoon killed Japs by the handful the moment they became silhouetted against the water.

In the morning they recovered Arsenault's body. While they carried it back to the rear for burial, others in the platoon investigated the crevice into which he had poured more than 100 rounds of ammunition.

Jap bodies were sprawled throughout it. More than 20 dead were certain victims of his carbine. Others might have been. The lad none of them had ever got to really know had proved a real fighting Marine, one of their own beyond the shadow of doubt.

TSGT. PETE ZURLINDEN

USMC Combat Correspondent



"Well, you said you'd give her your right arm"

4 REASONS
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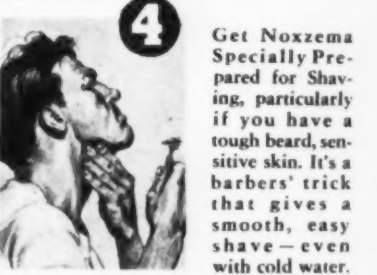
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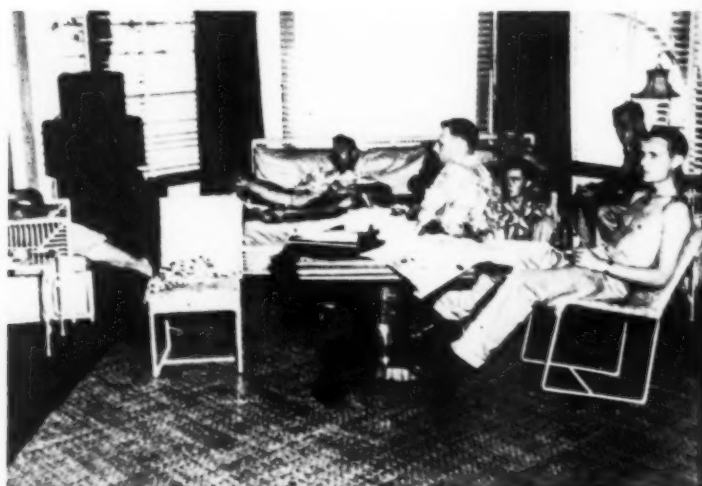
Miss Mae "Totsy" Biven, Honolulu's Elsa Maxwell, talks with two of the 20 pilots furloughed to the Alexander residence for five-day "tour of duty." The men are 1st Lt. Thomas Milner of Minneapolis, VMO-155 and 1st Lt. Charles Mehl of Denver, VMR-252. The backyard of this luxurious dwelling ends on Waikiki beach

Substitute Home

Next best thing to leave is

"THIS is a chance to play millionaire for a week," remarked the lean, bronzed Marine fighter pilot between bites of two 4 o'clock ham sandwiches and gulps of milk. "Uh-mmmm," agreed his flying buddy from a TBF outfit. They were speaking of the five-day "tour of duty" for Marine pilots at the luxurious Waikiki beach home of Mrs. Wallace Alexander, just outside Honolulu. Twenty Marine pilots are rotated to the Alexander home every week for complete rest from everything pertaining to war.

The Alexander home is a Navy-operated "rest home" for the pilots, somewhat comparable to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for submarine crews. Two houses, one for Navy and one for Marine fliers, have been turned over to the Navy by a group of prominent Honoluluans for \$1 a year for the duration, complete with furniture. A \$10,000 revolving fund pledged by the sponsors finances



Cameraman gets candid shots of pilots taking a busman's holiday as they gather in the breakfast room for a bull session on experiences

◀ Near lanai of the Alexander home, 1st Lt. Morton Lichtman of Rye, N. Y., VMR-252, and Miss Gloria Scatena bask in afternoon sun



Informality is the keynote of 4 o'clock lunch where real, honest-to-God fresh milk and ham sandwiches are served. Men from fighter, bomber and transport outfits often gain up to four or five pounds and claim lunch is "most wonderful thing of week," probably because the milk is the first in months of Pacific duty

ve is Mrs. Alexander's Home

a larder of supplies and the visiting pilots pay only the actual cost of what they eat and drink.

Complete informality is the keynote at the Alexander home. Arriving pilots are told simply: "This is your home for five days." The only really hard and fast rule is that everyone wear full uniform for dinner at 7.

That's because there nearly always are young women guests for dinner. This is one of the provinces of Miss Mae Biven, hostess at the home. Her's also is the job of inviting girls for the usual Friday evening supper dance which is the only regularly scheduled activity of the week.

During their stay, virtually any activity from bridge to horseback riding is available to the pilots for the asking. But, as Lt. George Jenkins, a Marshalltown, Ia., torpedo bomber skipper says, "What is there to do that could beat just loafing in a place like this?" From the pictures on these pages — what else, indeed!



Capt. Robert W. Durget of Baltimore, Marine air recreation officer who makes arrangements, confers with Lt. Charles W. McCord of Louisville, officer-in-charge



2nd Lt. H. E. Dawson and Miss Dorothy Spellman sample "party night" fried chicken, served buffet style, and eaten at tables on the grass

Whatta sack! Maj. P. R. White of LaJolla, Cal., VMF-422, lounges in this double-size bed. All Alexander furniture is still in the house

Photos by Sgt. R. Wilton



END 71



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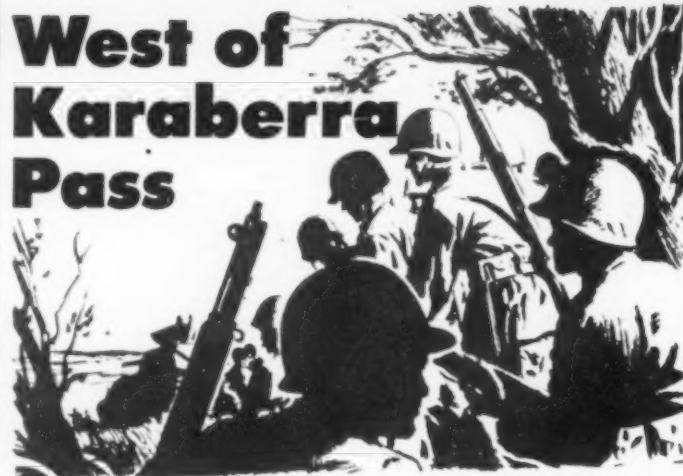
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THE Japs knew they were beaten. This was the end. Driven to the northern tip of Saipan, only about 6000 Nip warriors were left of the 20,000-man force that watched the avenging American fleet pull in for battle. And the inexorable Marines kept coming.

Behind the Nips, the ocean beat the tumble of rock that spilled from the rugged coast. Spray whipped the saw grass. Before them, rolling farm land, neat with ruled fields, broke abruptly at the sheer cliffs a mile inland.

Since early morning the Marines, the same Marines many of the Japs battled in street-to-street melees in Garapan a few days before, were pouring through Karaberra Pass, the lone opening from the cliffs to the coastal plain. They came fanning out behind tanks to spread over the farms and cane fields. Pillboxes and earthen entrenchments delayed but did not stop them. The Japs watched the relentless push and knew this was their last night.

And the Second Marines, pinching the Japs to the sea's edge, were tired. Dirty, bearded, grim, they wanted a finish fight . . . and some sleep. Campaign's end was in sight, but this doughty regiment knew this night of July 8 would be a terror. Japs don't surrender regardless of how hopeless the situation is for them. There would be blood and hell this night. By evening they drove to within 50 yards of the ocean. In some places along that mile-long beach strip, Marines had waded in the water. They dug in.

Marine Private First Class Herald E. Gibbs, Jr., of Chicago, hadn't seen a Jap soldier until he hit the beach at Saipan, but he saw plenty of them from that day on. He was tired, and so was his buddy, veteran Jap battler Corporal John E. Smith of Wyant, Ill., as they worked their way seaward from the Pass.

Their advance was rapid in the hot sun. They hadn't washed for many days and their dungarees were stinking and soaked with sweat. Their feet ached and cried for air, as feet will when they haven't seen light for weeks.

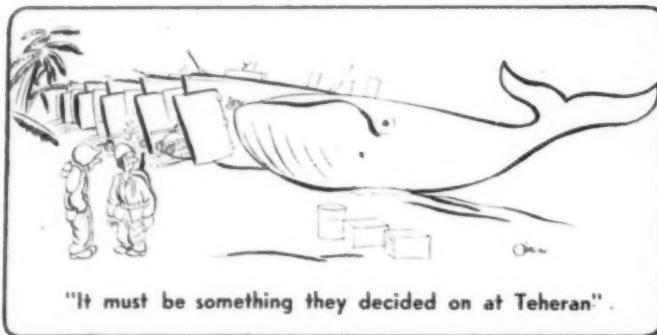
THE Company was doing pretty well. By late afternoon they had reached the cliff-line 30 yards from the sea and the disorganized Nips in their path fled into the water, struggling for a reef about 100 yards off shore. Gibbs, Smith, and other Marine riflemen picked them off one by one, then withdrew to their place in the solid line hemming the Japs in the caves and rocks against the shore.

Though tired, the two worked until one o'clock in the morning on machine gun emplacements. Above and below their sector, all hell was breaking loose with wierd Jap screams, the moans of the dying and the cries of the wounded mixing with the clatter and roar of war. They worked furiously, for they knew their turn was coming.

It came with a rush. To Gibbs and Smith, protecting the flank of a machine gun line, it looked like millions of them charging all at once. All he remembered was the order to keep the Japs from getting behind those precious machine guns, so he fired, loaded, fired, loaded, till the action became automatic and he forgot to be even scared. The Nips threw mortars, machine guns, rifles and grenades at the Marines. Some of the guns and their crews were wiped out, but all this was vague to Gibbs and Smith. Their job was protecting the flank of the gun line, and they stuck it out in all that hell and, somehow, the line held.

In the gray dawn more than 300 Jap bodies were counted in the sector. Gibbs, not yet 19 years old, saw them stacked, sprawled and torn. The kid learned on that beach west of Karaberra Pass that Marines never retreat. He was a fighting man in a fighting outfit.

SGT. GEORGE H. MATTIE
USMC Combat Correspondent



★ EVERY MARINE KNOWS! ★

Yes, every Marine knows that to learn while he trains as a Marine "pays off" in the service and when he gets back to civilian life.

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I, C. S., dedicate the above message.

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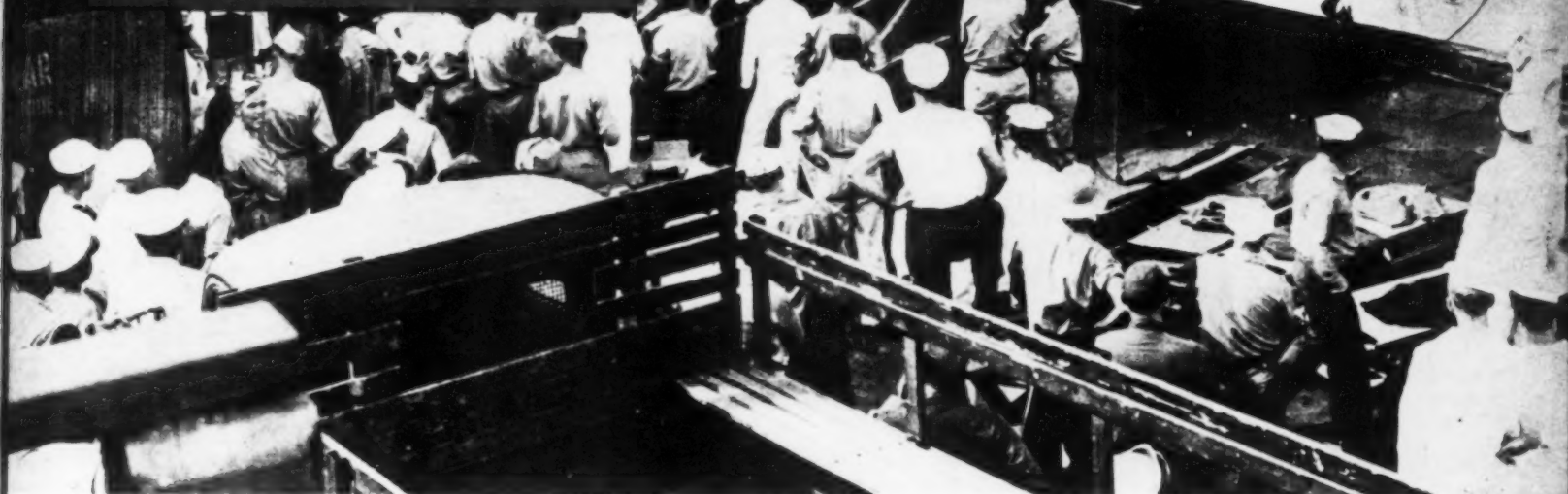
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Hospital Pacific

Aiea provides the best care and comforts America is able to furnish to its fighting men



PROBABLY curious about the human cargo the big grey transport was unloading, a woman walked out of the shadows of the pier shed and stood, watching, in the everlasting Pacific sunlight. She was an ordinary woman, with nothing about her that would make you turn to look after she had gone by. Over the hundreds of Marines lining the ship's rail there fell a sudden hush. It was as quiet as a church. Then someone yelled:

"A woman! A real woman, fellas. Look!"

To the catcalls, whistling and waving the gal just smiled, and stood a little longer gazing at the stretchers streaming down the gangplank. Then she was lost in the shore-side crowd. When the last of the bed patients had been swept away by the ambulances, those of the wounded who could walk and uninjured Marine passengers trooped ashore.

This was another of the shipments from the distant Marianas—Saipan, Tinian and Guam. Through the port town and up a winding road into the green heights of a mountain range the motorcade of mercy made its way at a swift clip. In one of the ambulances a heavily-bandaged youth looked expectantly at an attendant.

"Are we going to Aiea?" he asked.

The corpsman nodded.

"Geeze, it's swell up there. They have ice cream every day."

HE HAD been there before. Lots of them had, after the Gilberts or the Marshalls. Aiea is the biggest naval casualty hospital in the Pacific area. Its smooth-walled, modernistic lines of grass green give the tipoff as to what awaits within — the best in comfort and medical care American medicine and ingenuity can offer its battle casualties.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked Aiea was still abuilding. Eleven months later, on 11 November, 1942, it was commissioned and began operations. This was well before it was sufficiently staffed or furnished. Every stick and stone that went into its construction had been brought from the mainland in the dark days when all merchant and transport

by Sgt. John Conner

ships available were on call for the nation's defense.

The majority of the patients are Marines. On those busy days right after an operation, when planes and ships are literally piling patients on the receiving room doorstep, the admittances are 99 per cent Marines and 1 per cent sailors who serve with Marine assault troops. Most of these are hospital corpsmen. In more normal between-times the Marine percentage is about 65.

Tarawa sent the initial big wave, almost swamping the struggling staff. Nearly all the casualties from that campaign had to be handled in a single day. When the first ship began to unload ambulances were parked three deep for two solid city blocks. It was just 11 a.m. when the debarkation began, and thousands of civilians packed the vicinity to watch during their lunch hour. The band struck up the Marine Corps Hymn. Its effect on some of the wounded was so profound they had to visibly fight back tears, and considerate corpsmen hurried to get them into ambulances.

SINCE then practice has perfected the system, so that on the busiest of days the mass reception of wounded clicks off like clockwork. The influx from Kwajalein, Eniwetok and the Marianas was not so concentrated. Evacuation by air was started during the Marshalls campaigns on a small scale. The increasing use of planes and the greater length of operations, as in the case of Guam, have protracted the succeeding battles of Aiea.

Just before the first arrivals are due the hospital goes on an emergency basis. All liberty and shore leave is cancelled. As many patients as can be are evacuated to make room for the freshly wounded. There is nothing of the Dr. Gillespie about the situation. People don't go rushing madly about, shouting commands. When the ambulances begin to swing into the reception areaway and back up to the un-

loading platform, the machinery is all set up, ready to run quietly and smoothly.

Working with the cool precision of factory hands, hospital corpsmen slip stretchers from the motor carriers and roll them to the admission desk on gurneys. There each newcomer is logged through. A doctor quickly decides where each belongs and each is tagged for the proper ward. More waiting corpsmen wheel them into the one-way traffic down the long shining halls.

THE battered Marines hardly notice the technique. Their eyes are invariably fixed on the nurses and other fixings.

"Gawd, what a hotel," they murmur.

It's all of that. The ice cream, served at almost every noon meal, is a confectioner's dream. Rear Admiral J. J. A. McMullin, who as a captain was the hospital's first commanding officer, saw to that. Any of the commissary personnel will tell you quietly, behind the back of the hand, that the good admiral could eat more ice cream than it was advisable to say. The admiral always said the men should have it too. It would fatten them up. So the hospital started using a mix with a butterfat content that would make the best pre-war mainland stuff look anemic.

The rest of the chow is comparable. Chinese cooks dish it up, and chowhounds have a perpetual field day at the serve-yourself assembly line. By garbage weighing the hospital finds this system cuts down waste and increases waists.

Wounded Marines just in from a South Sea island sojourn with the Japs do not look very sharp, sartorially speaking. Unshaven and dressed in ragged dungarees or maggotty khaki, those who can get around are sent to the Marine Administrative Unit as soon as possible. There they get emergency pay and clothes within 48 hours of arrival.

The unit was formed right after Tarawa, the first of its kind in the Pacific area. Generally its purpose is to serve as liaison between the hospital and the

Noted specialists comprise Aiea's staff of medical officers.

They come from the nation's top medical schools and clinics



Men wounded in distant theatres of combat operations quite frequently are brought to Aiea in specially equipped transport planes. The aerial evacuation

of wounded is one of the factors in military medicine that has contributed much to the lowered rate of mortality from wounds in the present war

Marine transient center on the island for purposes, first, of paying the men; second, providing them with clothes, and, finally, keeping records on Marine patients. With the exception of paying them the Marine office does the same for wounded corpsmen. Their greenbacks come directly from the hospital.

WHEN business gets rushing after a campaign the old inevitable line-up is resorted to. Sometimes, with hundreds waiting to be served, it stretches far out onto the hospital grounds. On one of these days the unit staff was sweating it out when two bedraggled Marines approached a corporal who was very busy issuing khaki. They wanted some, they said. They were polite, but the corporal was having trouble enough as it was.

"Get back there to the end of the line," he barked, like he was a Parris Island DI. "You gizmos are no better than anyone else. You gotta wait your turn."

Hours later their turn came. The corporal asked for and got their names and rank. They were lieutenant colonels, and it was "yes, sir" and "no, sir" from the corporal. Yes, indeed!

Most of the wounded brought in have been hit by shrapnel. Fragments from explosive missiles—mortar and 75 millimeter shells, aerial bombs, hand grenades—are found in 85 per cent of the men who get to Aiea. Compound fractures are the most common result. Sixty per cent of the patients require orthopedic service, and 40 per cent of all cases, approximately, are bone injuries.

Top-flight specialists comprise the hospital staff of medical officers. They come from many of the nation's leading medical schools and clinics. Despite the extreme gravity of some of the cases that are put into their hands, the mortality rate is very low. Of more than 4000 Marines and sailors treated there after the Marianas campaign only three died.

On a sunny afternoon in one of the hospital rooms a young Marine major sat propped up in bed waiting for the doctor to change the dressing on his head. He couldn't talk and his right arm and leg were paralyzed. But he could make himself understood and was getting a huge kick out of doing it. He would point to articles, draw shapes in the air or find what he wanted in magazine advertisements. Now and then he would pick up his right leg with his good arm

and he would move it slightly from the knee down.

This officer was on the way to recovery from a ghastly head wound. A jagged piece of shrapnel the length, and nearly the thickness, of a man's little finger had smashed his skull and penetrated the brain the depth of its own length. Only the tip could be seen when a Navy surgeon operated right after the major was rushed in from Guam by plane. The wound was an extremely critical but not uncommon one. In six months 55 patients have recovered from similar injuries at Aiea.

The shrapnel destroyed the speech center on the left side of the brain and damaged nerve fibers controlling his right arm and leg. Now the major must learn to speak all over again using the uneducated speech center on the right side of the brain. He will henceforth be lefthanded and was starting to write with his good hand as he began learning to talk.

BEFORE they were sent home a pair of Marine PFC's, who were recovering from similar wounds, often would come up to the officer's room to help him with his lessons. Although their own re-education was not finished, they could speak a few words and well understood what he was going through.

They started him on vowel sounds, using "e" and "i" first because these are the easiest to get on to. They hurried on to get to the first word on the curriculum. It was "beer" and the major had heard about the system. When the privates, first class, had learned to say it the surgeon brought them a bottle each. Long before he had honestly mastered his vowels the major was able to order his first brew since Guam.

The Marianas produced more than 30 subjects for a new system of studying wound treatment and cure. Motion picture photography is used, provided by Naval Field Medical Photographic units, one of which is stationed at the hospital. Before a battle starts the unit is assigned to select a certain number of cases during the fighting. Wounded Marines are picked up on the camera film almost as they fall. Thereafter the camera follows them, their treatment and cure, until they are ready to return to duty.

The major was one of these subjects. As the surgeon dressed his head the camera was at work

in the hospital room getting every detail—the dressing, the patient's reactions, his attempts to move his leg and to speak.

There are just three such units in existence. A second one is in Italy and a third has just returned to Washington from the Pacific. They operate under the Audio-Visual section of the Department of Preventive Medicine in the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Their purpose ultimately is to aid in the battle to save the lives of war wounded.

The camera's record may have something else for the medicos to observe in their laboratory-theaters—the extraordinary spirit wounded Marines exhibit at Aiea. Doctors, nurses and chaplains, all pretty well inured to seeing suffering, marvel at the morale. During his recent visit to Aiea, President Roosevelt expressed his amazement after talking to a number of patients, including a young Marine lieutenant who had amputated his own leg on a Saipan battlefield.

The more badly hurt a patient is the more cheerful he generally is about it. Men snatched from the doors of death by expert nursing live to be the cheer leaders of their wards, and doctors hate to see them evacuated to the mainland because of the splendid effect they have on morale.

Stronger patients help the weaker. A Marine minus an arm will push a buddy minus a leg. The rider will reciprocate by doing some favor that requires two hands. Everyone may be more interested in who has got what kind of a wound in the day-by-day run of affairs but when a new arrival shows up the first question is, "What State are you from, Mac?" Patients talk of home and girls, and keep up an everlasting hunt for someone who knows someone they know.

ABUNCH of Leathernecks in an amputation ward worked out a one-line parody to the tune "It's Love." It goes like this:

"When your stump goes thumpety-thump, it's nerves, nerves, nerves..."

Doctors had explained that the thumping pain in the space an arm or leg once occupied is caused by die-hard nerve ends. The Marines were still singing the ditty when they left for the United States and a fitting for artificial limbs.

Shrapnel or a bullet wrecked the legs on one



Ambulances line up on the dock to transport men from hospital ships to Aiea. Little time is lost in getting the wounded to the best of medical attention. The system operates as smooth as clockwork.

youngster so badly one of them had to be taken off. A sympathetic doctor stopped at his bed to inquire: "What happened to you?" "Did you," the kid asked, "ever hear of Charlie McCarthy?" "Yes."

"Well, they just mo-o-owed me down."

Twenty per cent of the hospital's battle cases require plastic surgery to restore torn faces and limbs, and to repair frightful flesh gouging done by fire. Of the burn cases coming in two-thirds are from ignited high octane gasoline and the rest from phosphorous. Gas burns usually occur when tanks, planes and tankers are hit.

Because of this mending science many a badly smashed fighting man can have a great deal of hope. Generally he can be turned out in very presentable shape, but now and then the damage is not completely repairable. An older man, a Marine major whose head was almost entirely swathed in wrappings, perked up when the doctor got around to him. The patient's face had been pulped by a shell blast but with the aid of grafting, wire and braces it had been pulled together and was rapidly healing.

The major waved a forefinger toward his brow and asked, hesitatingly:

"Doc, do you still think I might be able to see a little out of my left eye?"

THE surgeon, who dealt in plastic surgery but not in eyes, hemmed and hawed, and was concerned with getting away before he had to commit himself. Anyone could see that the battle victim's eye sockets were quite empty.

Sympathetic people usually don't get far in passing out the verbal balm.

"How do you feel today?" This is a likely query put by the well-wisher who will ask it while smiling his brightest at some guy whose legs are twined together in heavy plaster casts set up for grafting. A likely reply from the guy will be, "How do YOU feel?"

For recreation patients have movies, band concerts, visits from celebrities and famous entertainers, and various athletic events staged for their benefit.

Stators they make their own rules. Just

latory patients sat themselves down to a game of tennis between Bobby Riggs and Norman Brooks, satellites of the tennis world, who are now enlisted in the Navy. But was there the quiet decorum of Forest Hills, the polite hand clapping for a nice volley? Hell, no! It was like a baseball bleachers riot over a bum decision. Everybody was yelling at once, like this:

"Oops, forty love, my dear."

"Keep your eye on the ball instead of the nurses."

"Gwan, lower the net, you mugs."

Riggs thought the brusque spectator atmosphere invigorating.

"A good idea," he said.

A little less than a third of the patients return to duty directly from the hospital. These are the ones with minor wounds who recover completely in a short time. Those who need more than 60 days of hospitalization are sent on to the States just as soon as they can be comfortably shipped.

THE decision as to whether they are going home or back to duty is seldom one for the patient to make. When a Marine finds himself on the horns of this dilemma, though, he picks duty. A 19-year-old sergeant, veteran of four campaigns who looked as if he should be home helping his mother with the dishes, justifiably put in for State-side duty. He had been wounded and had recovered. The day before he was due to leave for the west coast he changed his mind, asked to be put on the duty list and got back with his old outfit.

Six Marines tried to skip getting to the hospital at all. When corpsmen came aboard a transport to take them up to Aiea the injured had left their sacks and were nowhere to be found. Later they were located with their outfit, which was reforming preparatory to taking on another front-line job.

But when they are on the home list and there is no chance for any argument against it, they don't argue. A prospective homecomer wanted to know when he would be shoving off. The doctor told him he would have to wait for a ship.

"Doc," said the Marine, "just give me a canoe and a paddle and I'll make it home."

From the bed next to his piped a sharper note:

"A canoe? Give me a bed pan and two tongue blades and I'll make it!"

END



FERDINAND GOES OVER THE HILL

PROBABLY everyone remembers Ferdinand, the big, powerful bull who in peacetime used to like to smell flowers rather than battle it out with other young bloods in the big city arena. Came the war and every fighting man forgot about that sort of bull. Then Marines found Ferdinand on Tinian, and thereby hangs a tale.

No one knows how Ferdinand got into the Marianas any more than they know how he got to like flowers so well in the old days. All they can tell you is that suddenly, just as the chow call was set to go in a certain regimental CP, a bull identified as the famous Ferdinand turned up with one of the rarest things in the Pacific — a bull fight.

The CP didn't look like much of an arena. Headquarters was set up beside a dusty road in a tottering wooden farm house. Across from it stood the medical aid station, a precarious structure consisting of a canvas roof suspended on tent poles. It was D plus 16. The fighting had passed and cattle were straggling through on the way back to old stamping grounds.

In this non-Latin atmosphere Ferdinand, easily recognizable by his big, sensitive nose, tangled with a contestant who would pass muster in any Mexican stable. No one saw it start but the word "fight" went around like lightning. Marines leapt to the first likely vantage point, jamming the flat hoods and fenders of every jeep out of range of the battle royal.

THE fighters plunged and thrust with their eight-inch horns in attack and counter-attack. First one was sent backwards, scrabbling for a new foothold, then the other until their flailing hoofs brought them hurtling into the aid station. The place would have come down and ended the fight bloodlessly in the folds of the canvas but the Marines couldn't afford to lose the equipment. Picking up carbines and big sticks some of them butted the roaring belligerents out into the road again.

The interruption gave Ferdinand his opportunity. Never having sat on Mexican cactus to admire a blossom, the Tinian-born bull was sadly disconcerted by a jab in the buttocks. He turned to glower at the offending Marine and Ferdinand let him have it in the rear quarters. The Tinianese went down and couldn't get up again. Ferdinand, beside himself with unaccustomed rage, coldly watched a Marine captain finish off his opponent and then turned quietly away.

He headed toward a low hill at a gentle trot where, apparently awaiting the victor, stood a doe-eyed cow, until this moment unnoticed by the fascinated Marines. Ferdinand joined her and together they went over the hill. Sex, my friends, is at a premium on Tinian, and this is no bull.

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Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press between December 15, 1944, and January 15, 1945.

SAFE FROM MISSING

PENNSYLVANIA

SKACAN, Peter S., PFC

WOUNDED FROM MISSING

OHIO

NOBLE, Ray, PFC

DEAD FROM MISSING

CALIFORNIA

BURGE, Harry L., 1st Lt.

FLORIDA

TUCKER, Ansel B., PFC

GEORGIA

HENDERSON, Buddy, Pvt.

ILLINOIS

PHEMISTER, Edward E., PFC

MICHIGAN

KRALL, Henry, PlSgt.

MISSOURI

SCULLIN, Harry V., Maj.
VAUGHN, Alfred B., 1st Lt.

NEW YORK

BISHOP, John M. J., 2nd Lt.
GLEESON, Desmond P., Corp.

NORTH CAROLINA

VARNER, James C., 2nd Lt.

OHIO

BARBER, Allen M., 2nd Lt.
BRUSTOSKI, Joseph J., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

POSTAS, Louis J., Sgt.

TENNESSEE

GENTRY, James E., Sgt.
HERRON, George T., PFC

DEAD

ARIZONA

DAVIES, James L., PFC

ARKANSAS

REEVES, Warren J., Sgt.
SCHRIEVER, T. M., 1st Lt.

CALIFORNIA

BARLOW, Clinton W., Corp.
BUTTS, Calvin O., PFC
FULFORD, Raymond O., PFC
GILBERT, Glennous F., PFC
HALL, Allen R., Jr., Sgt.
JONASON, Willard L., Pvt.
MATTHEWS, Melvin D., Sgt.
OLSEN, Theodore, Major
ROSIER, John Raymond, PFC
SHAW, Harry J., PFC
SHIELDS, Robert T., Sgt.
SHUNK, E. E., Jr., SSgt.
SMITH, Robert E., PFC
SPAIN, Robert W., 1st Lt.
WILSON, Richard L., Corp.

COLORADO

ALLISON, R. C., 1st Lt.
LEDFOED, Charles H., Corp.
MYERS, Earl R., PFC
OWENS, John O., PFC

CONNECTICUT

MASSARO, Russell J., PFC
MELLINS, Donald, PFC
PLOCHARCZYK, E. P., Corp.
RODICAN, John P., Corp.
WEBSTER, Harvey J., Pvt.
WHITE, Allen W., PFC
YARROW, Joseph E., Pvt.

FLORIDA

BANKSTON, Howard S., PFC
BRADLEY, W. E., 1st Lt.
DYER, John H., PFC
FOWLER, Edward C., PFC

GEORGIA

ALLEN, Graham M., PFC
GILBERT, Jesse H., Pvt.
HEALY, Thomas M., Jr., PFC
JONES, Henry W., Capt.
PHILLIPS, Louise, PFC
STEWART, Walter M., Sgt.

IDAHO

NEFF, Mack C., Corp.

ILLINOIS

BELLIS, Richard D., Corp.
CHARNEK, A. F., Jr., PFC
KILLEBREW, W. E., Jr., Sgt.
LAZARO, Michel A., Pvt.

LE MONNIER, D. C., Corp.
RECKNER, Robert E., PFC
ROWE, Samuel G., PFC
RUSSELL, Harry H., PFC
SCHOONOVER, Ezra R., PFC
SNODGRESS, E. L., Corp.
STILWELL, James L., PFC
WARNER, Charles M., PFC

INDIANA

BOEGLIN, Robert B., PFC
MOFFITT, Sylvester G., PFC
MONARCH, Charles R., Sgt.
ROBERSON, Wesley F., Corp.
YOUNGBLOOD, R. Jr., PFC

IOWA

WATSON, Claude E., Jr., PFC

KANSAS

HATCHER, John N., 2nd Lt.

KENTUCKY

BANDY, Neal J., Jr., SSgt.
KENNARD, James D., Corp.
RASP, Thomas H., Sgt.
RIDDLE, John C., Sgt.
SOKOLOWSKI, S. R., PFC

LOUISIANA

HEBERT, Adam J., Jr., PFC
JOLLY, Raymond H., 1st Lt.
McFARLAND, Edward A., PFC

MARYLAND

BAROCH, James V., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS

ANDRUSIK, Steve, Corp.
ATHAIDE, Edward, PFC
BURDICK, Robert W., PFC
FALCO, John M., Sgt.
JEFFERY, Ralph T., PFC
LILJA, George, PFC
SMITH, Arthur E., Corp.
STEWART, John M., PFC

MICHIGAN

COLE, Richard C., PFC
CORNWELL, James R., PFC
FOSTER, W. J., 2nd Lt.
HARDING, Edwin L., Pvt.
LAGROU, John A., 1st Lt.
LANDRY, Elson J., Corp.
MacNEIL, Calvin V., Corp.
NADEAU, Joseph R., PFC
PARKS, Lawrence J., Corp.
PIASECZNY, W. L., Corp.
PONDER, Lester, Corp.
RITSEMA, Peter M., Corp.
SMITH, Richard D., PFC
SMITH, Warren R., PFC

MINNESOTA

BENGTSON, Willie L., PFC
HOWARD, Arthur R., PFC
NEWSTROM, John H., PFC

MISSISSIPPI

BLANTON, Walter A., PFC
NABORS, Jesse C., Jr., PFC

MISSOURI

LANCE, George A., Jr., Sgt.
MILLER, Glenn R., PFC
OLIPHANT, Francis W., PFC
ROSE, Harold E., PFC
SMITH, Raymond G., PFC

MONTANA

GAUGER, Warren H., PFC
JOHNSON, Jerry R., PFC
LONGACRE, C. C., Corp.

NEBRASKA

GREEN, Eldon L., Corp.

NEW JERSEY

CUNNINGHAM, E. P., Corp.
GEVERS, Robert N., PFC
HEUMANN, Carl W., FMCorp.
LEVENSOM, Sidney H., PFC
MEARS, William J., Corp.
PACKANIK, Walter, PFC
PIEGDON, Leopold T., Sgt.
ROBISON, Floyd C., Jr., PFC

NEW MEXICO

BUTLER, Lewis S., Jr., Maj.

NEW YORK

ALTMAN, Leonard, PFC
BERARDI, Clayton E., Sgt.
BOYLE, Alexander, PFC
BRADSHAW, Ormond E., Sgt.
BURLESKI, S. S., Jr., PFC
COUSINS, John G., Corp.
GOODEY, Harold E., PFC
HINKLEY, Oliver, PFC
KEEFE, Hugh E., Corp.
MAHER, John E., Sgt.
MEZZACAPA, Frank T., Pvt.
MITCHELL, Herbert T., PFC
MORRONE, Joseph A., Corp.
REED, Thomas W., Corp.
RONCI, Armand A., PFC
SCATURIO, Joseph F., PFC
SICOLI, Frank, PFC
STEELE, Ronald L., Corp.
STRAHAN, Robert D., Corp.
TULIPANE, W. E., Sgt.
VASILAKOS, S. C., PFC

NORTH CAROLINA

BERRY, John E., PFC
IVES, Albert L. Jr., Corp.
PIKE, Charlie E. Jr., PFC
RATTLER, Mark J., PFC
SHIPLET, Mack C., Pvt.
SMITH, Raymond P., Corp.
TRIPLETT, Coy Jr., PFC

NORTH DAKOTA

BEATTY, Ivan C., Pvt.

OHIO

ADAMS, Kenneth L., PFC
ANDERSON, Edwin P., Corp.
ATER, Welker N., PFC
BELLAT, Joseph S., PISgt.
BERGER, Donald A., Corp.
DILGER, William E., PFC
JENKINS, John V., Sgt.
LEAP, Charles G. Jr., PFC
McKNIGHT, Gordon J., PFC
MONTGOMERY, Hobart, PFC
ONEAL, Byron K., PFC
RACKOV, Milos M., PFC
REID, Robert, Pvt.
SADOSKI, Melvin B., PFC
STROHMEYER, V. B. Jr., PFC
TIMBERLAKE, Melvin D., PFC

OKLAHOMA

ATHA, Paul E., Pvt.
CAMP, Lewis J., Sgt. Maj.
SHARP, Reece E., PFC
STAMPER, Jack A., PFC
THOMAS, Carl J., PFC
WILSON, Jerome V., PFC

OREGON

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SMITH, Emmett A., Corp.
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PENNSYLVANIA

BARBUSCHAK, G. W., Pvt.
BERNARD, Edward W., Pvt.
COLBERT, John C., Pvt.
COOK, Arthur W., Corp.
FEINOUR, Lee E. A., PFC
GAREY, William J., Corp.
GARNER, James W., Corp.
GARVEY, Robert F., Corp.
GROSS, Carl L., PFC
HINES, Michael Jr., Sgt.
JANOS, Joseph M., PFC
KLEIN, Patrick W., PFC
McCUSKER, Jack, Sgt.
MARSCH, James R., PFC
NULPH, Harold W., PFC
ORESTI, Eugene, PFC
POLLINGER, Mike, Corp.
SCHMITT, Edward K., Pvt.
WEISS, Edward J., PFC
ZSERDIN, Frank N., Sgt.

SOUTH CAROLINA

WILLIAMS, Henry P., PFC

SOUTH DAKOTA

HALSE, Roswell R., PFC
SPRECHER, Raymond H., Pvt.

TENNESSEE

BUTLER, Lewis S. Jr., Maj.
ST CHARLES, James J., PFC
STINNETT, Julian C., Sgt.

TEXAS

BOYSEN, Harold E., 1st Lt.
DEATON, Ernest B., PFC
FOSTER, Jodie D., PFC
HARMAN, Harper P., Pvt.
McLEROY, William H., PFC
MORRISON, James T., PFC
MOSHER, Calvin R., Corp.
PHILIPS, Billie H., PFC
ROAN, Charles H., PFC
SCOTT, Milton L., Corp.
SHAWN, Charles D., Corp.
SHEWMAKE, Wesley A., PFC
SMITH, Paul S., PFC

UTAH

BALLARD, Bethel E., Pvt.
BISTLINE, J. A. Jr., Pvt.

VIRGINIA

JUNKINS, Theodore R., PFC

WASHINGTON

HILL, Morse G., Pvt.
RICKLES, Ray, PFC
WEST, Orval E., PFC

WEST VIRGINIA

BALLAURI, Laurence, Pvt.

WISCONSIN

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ETHUN, William L., PFC
PETERSON, Emery L., PFC
PRUSKI, Ervin A., Corp.
SCHMIDT, Donald W., Pvt.
WEBER, William O., PFC
WEILAND, George R., PFC
WYLAND, Peter J., PFC

MISSING

ARKANSAS

McCAMEY, Ralph D., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA

LASKOSKY, Ted L., Sgt.
SWEET, Charles N., Corp.
ZANGER, Mosek, 1st Lt.

FLORIDA

BRUSA, Sandro J., Corp.
PLUNK, James E., Corp.

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PETRILLI, Richard H., Sgt.
TROTTER, John A., PFC

KENTUCKY

KNOP, John W., PFC

LOUISIANA

FALGOUT, Cleo J., 1st Lt.

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TEXAS

STEWART, Charles V., PFC
UNDERWOOD, Edward E., PFC

UTAH

ADAMS, Claude D., Corp.

VIRGINIA

CLINCH, Peter, 2nd Lt.

WASHINGTON

PERU, Archie C., 2nd Lt.

WISCONSIN

KESSIER, M. E., 1st Lt.
MARTIN, Richard L., PFC
SUNDBY, John A., Jr., PFC
WALKER, William H., PFC

WYOMING

FREEMAN, Thomas J., SSgt.

*The casualties listed above
bring the grand total re-
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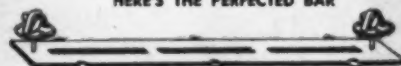
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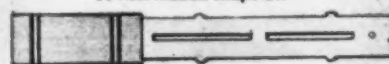
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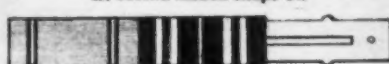


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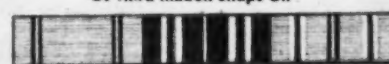
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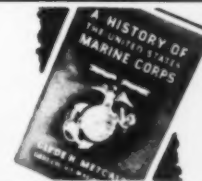
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The Editor's Report

Marines and Seabees

(An editorial by Comdr. W. L. Johnson, CEC, USNR, OinC of the 95th Battalion. Reprinted from the 95th's "News-Views")

TALK with a Seabee who has been in the forward area and you talk with a friend and admirer of the Marines. It is a mutual friendship that has grown out of the respect each service has for what the other is doing.

The Seabee's first contact with the Marine was not so pleasant; throughout his boot training he was being continually reminded of what awaited in advance training "when the Marines get hold of you." It was a threat that turned out a good deal like it had been pictured; all lived through it but the Marine instructor came in for a lot of expert Seabee verbal decorations.

It was several months later, on our first "Island X" — Apamama — that we really got acquainted with the United States Marine. We discovered he was a worker as well as a fighter; an independent sort of guy who did things for himself, had tools of his own and knew how to use them. We learned, too, that he did not mind sharing them. It was Marine amtracks and tractors that plowed through the salt water and up the coral beaches bringing the Ninety-fifth's gear ashore during those first days before our equipment could be brought into use. There we heard the story of the Marines at Tarawa — heard first-hand how they fought and how they died. Their traditions about which we had heard so much suddenly became living events with which we were closely associated.

Common privations and common dangers brought us close to the men of the Marine Corps. We shared with them everything from food to foxholes; we were welcomed by their camp and post exchange; we found them to be all-around good fellows who liked Seabees and the Seabee way of getting things

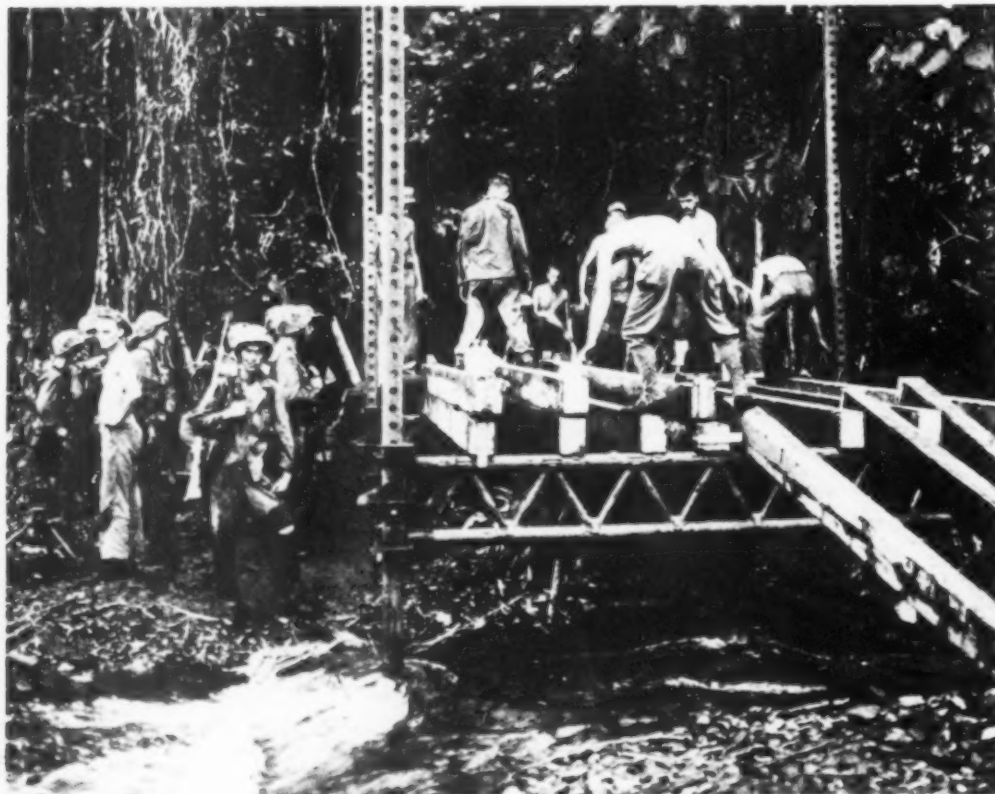
done. Anything they had was shared for the asking — scarce items such as welding rod and tires were divided cheerfully. We discovered them to be ingenious craftsmen — a power washing machine they built of junked odds and ends was a work of art. It is only natural that these working, self-supporting, hard fighting men won respect.

This friendly relationship carried on into the Marshalls. There again was a sharing of equipment and supplies — their large concrete mixer that saved hours of back-breaking work — a sharing of messing facilities, a welcome to their entertainments, friendly competition in some instances and mutual support in others.

The men of the Ninety-fifth do not have to read newspapers and magazines to learn about Marines. And the experience of this battalion has been the experience of innumerable Seabee units throughout the world — especially in the Pacific area. The small cemetery at Apamama, the large one at Tarawa, the wind-swept one at Roi-Namur — these are mute but eloquent proof we have seen of the way they have to get some of their jobs done. Beside it, our difficulties and inconveniences assume small proportions.

NO COMMENT need be made of the major role the Marine Corps is playing in the war and its contribution toward approaching victory; it will become part of the tradition that has made the United States Marine the toast of fighting men the world over, and the dread of our enemies. Comment is in order on how personal experience convinced us that his reputation is well earned.

Incidentally, no greater tribute has been paid the Seabees than their acceptance into close friendship with this, the proudest branch of the armed services. Primarily builders but none-the-less fighters, the Seabees will be going wherever duty calls and if given their wish, they will be going along with the United States Marines. **END**



Seabees who splashed ashore with Marine combat troops fighting the Japs on a South Pacific island hastily erect a wood and steel bridge over a jungle stream leading to the forward area

BACK OF THE BOOK

JOSEPHY

Sgt. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., who wrote "Combat to Camp" in this issue, got his big start in the writing game by selling an original story to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1934. Josephy was a sophomore at Harvard at the time, but he chucked classes for Hollywood to turn his tale into a movie, stayed on for a year more as a scenario writer. After a fling in the stock brokerage business, he turned to radio and was Assistant Director of News and Special Events for WOR, New York, and later in charge of government war broadcasts as a radio official with the Office of War Information, until he enlisted in the Marines in 1943. Married and the father of a daughter, Josephy's home is in Washington, D. C.



OPOTOWSKY

SSgt. Stanford L. Opatowsky, whose story Saipan D-plus-200 appears on page 66 of this issue, started his newspaper career while still a student at Fortier High School in New Orleans, La. After three and one-half years at Tulane, he dropped out to join the Marine Corps. At night he worked on the sports copy desk of the *Times-Picayune* and also did writing for such papers as the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*. Opatowsky has been a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent since April, 1943. Several of his stories have appeared in *THE LEATHERNECK*.



KNIGHT

The feature "Saipan D-plus-200" represents the camera work of SSgt. Andy Knight, a Marine Corps Combat Photographer. Before joining the Corps, Knight was an ace cameraman on the staff of the Washington, D. C., *Times-Herald*. Since becoming a Marine, he has served at various posts in South America and in the Pacific area. While attached to the Second Division, he photographed the actions at Saipan and Tinian. A native Washingtonian, Knight was a news photographer for more than 12 years. He specialized in sports pictures.



Picture Credits

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